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With grateful friendship
To Harriet King
Joseph Mazzini. May. 29 - 6

LETTERS AND RECOLLECTIONS OF MAZZINI

BY

MRS. HAMILTON KING
AUTHOR OF "THE DISCIPLES"

WITH PORTRAIT

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FOREWORD

MRS. HAMILTON KING, the author of *The Disciples*, is laid low by years and by ill-health. Being therefore unable to see the book through the press herself, but earnestly desiring its publication, she has permitted me to edit it for her. The little volume needs no apology. It is a peculiarly genuine and personal record of the more intimate side of Mazzini's life during those sad latter years when his cause was triumphing in the eyes of others, but not in his own; it contains some of his most characteristic letters, and a description of his last imprisonment at Gaeta, and of his death at Pisa, by the women who witnessed those closing scenes. Comment of mine would be an impertinence, for it is not an argument but a record.

G. M. TREVELYAN.

PREFACE

This book is an attempt to give a plain account of some passages in Mazzini's life, hitherto unpublished. The complete history of Mazzini's life can never be known, neither can the most valuable part of his correspondence. Of Mazzini's life the greatest part was political, and it was secret. He hated conspiracy and secrecy, but the necessities of the time forced him to become a conspirator. His correspondence of this sort was of necessity secret, and fraught with great danger; so were his movements, which will never be fully known. In this connection he habitually wrote on the thinnest of paper and the smallest of scraps, such as could be easily swallowed in case of emergency; and a number of these were usually enclosed in one envelope, and sent, not by post, but by a safe and unsuspected emissary, who distributed them as he or she went. All the letters he received he destroyed immediately, for fear of compromising others. In one of his letters to me he says he regrets having done so, and that he cannot remember dates or details. All this correspondence that he himself received is therefore lost. Many of the letters that he wrote to fellow-conspirators have been and are being published in Italy.

Next, or perhaps first, in importance, are his letters to his mother. His mother was to him ever his nearest and dearest; he loved her with the tenderest worship; between them was the most perfect confidence, affection, and sympathy. Madame Venturi, to whom Madame Mazzini had shown some of these letters, told me that they were more beautiful and touching than could be imagined. But his mother died in 1852, and at her death all her papers passed into the possession of her surviving daughter, who was without sympathy for her brother. She gave the letters into the hands of some priests, hostile to Mazzini, and they suppressed and probably destroyed them. This is an irreparable loss for the world.

The third correspondence is with the Ashurst family, among whom he found a second home and a second family. He did not reside with them, and always maintained his independence; but they were constantly together, and when he was in London he usually spent the evening with one or the other of them. His intercourse with them was not only most affectionate and intimate, but entirely familiar; and marked by an Italian exuberance of expression. Emilie (Madame Venturi) was his most devoted and confidential friend; but, in imitation of him, she usually destroyed the letters that she received, which is much to be regretted. Caroline (Mrs. Stansfeld) he calls his "most constant and faithful correspondent," and his letters to her were preserved. I have reason to believe that they are still in the possession of her family; but they have

not been published, and I do not know if they ever will be.

There remains his correspondence with me: and after many delays and hindrances, I must now publish it before it is too late. I am perhaps the last English survivor of those who knew him; and I have the more claim to speak as his representative, since I am the author of *The Disciples;* and as the Bishop of Truro (Dr. Stubbs) has written, "Thanks very largely no doubt to Mrs. Hamilton King's poem of *The Disciples*, a desire to know more of the great Italian Patriot has been created." Also my husband was the publisher of the English edition of Mazzini's Works, and of the memoir by E. A. Venturi.

My friendship with Mazzini was strange and unique; and it is recorded in the following pages; it was intimate, but it was not familiar. We never lived together; once only he spent a night under my roof. We met on few and rare occasions, and then scarcely ever alone, generally in the presence of several others. We were separated by circumstances and surroundings. Nevertheless I feel that these reminiscences ought to be given to the world. I have also to add some interesting letters from Emilie Ashurst Venturi, having been honoured with the friendship of this noble and gifted woman; and these letters, never before published, give particulars of his imprisonment at Gaeta, where she alone was permitted to visit him. I regret to be obliged to obtrude myself in this Correspondence and Narrative; but obviously it cannot be helped.

In connection with this, several persons, after the publication of *The Disciples*, said to me: "How I envy you the privilege of having known Mazzini! How I wish I had had the same!" This is nonsense; I had no privilege—Mazzini was open to every visitor, and answered every letter he received. He needed no introduction; I introduced myself to him; and it cost me persecution, distress, and calumny. Almost every one else could have known him without the slightest trouble, loss, or inconvenience. But they simply never thought about him. Many persons have said, "If we had only lived in the days of Jesus Christ, how happy we should have been!" But unless they had *now* braved infamy, loss, and death for an unpopular cause, they would never have done so *then*.

The Life of Mazzini, as I have said, can never be fully known. Some parts of it, and those the most critical, have left no traces. When he was on secret missions, or in danger, he did not permit even the Ashursts to know where he was. This is shown in a letter of Madame Venturi, given later. He had left London and gone abroad—that was all that was known. Possibly the secret police knew.

It is nearly forty years since Mazzini died, forty more since he commenced his mission; and in that period the whole state of the globe has been transformed. Mazzini's views were concentrated on Western Europe, with a glance at the Slavonic races to the East. India loomed large during his lifetime, but only as affecting England; and the United States

at a distance. Now every point on the earth's surface is in interdependence and intercommunication, and there is a proportionate increase in political complications. Also his was an epoch of greatness, in contrast to the present. As a young man, in the beginning of his Apostolate, he was the only great figure on the stage of History, though he was not then recognised; but in later life the world was full of great men—spiritual, political, and literary. The present, to put it politely, is an age of lesser men. And if a great man were to arise, he would probably not be benignant.

This book has no pretensions to style, for I do not know how to write prose. But as I was preserved for fifteen years, through much suffering and many perils of death, to write *The Disciples*, so I hope that through many sufferings, difficulties, and hindrances, I may have been preserved to old age to give to the world a single facet, and that not the most shining and splendid, of this precious jewel of whom Swinburne has spoken as—

"The soul beloved beyond all souls alive."

CONTENTS

PAGE

INTRODUCTION 1

PART I

MY CORRESPONDENCE WITH MAZZINI BEFORE MY MARRIAGE 10

PART II

MY PERSONAL INTERCOURSE WITH MAZZINI AFTER MY MARRIAGE TILL HIS DEATH . 37

PART III

RECOLLECTIONS OF MAZZINI SUBSEQUENT TO HIS DEATH—1872 101

ADDENDUM. 139

LETTERS AND RECOLLECTIONS OF MAZZINI

INTRODUCTION

In order to explain my acquaintance with Mazzini, and my active and passionate attachment to the Italian Cause, it is necessary to retrace briefly the steps which led up to it.

I was, not only as a young girl but as a child, very studious and a great reader; and my favourite reading was in poetry and history; also I had written poetry from the age of six years.

My first idea of Italy was derived from reading Rogers' *Italy* at the age of eleven. This poem, now neglected, had a certain fascination for me, although it gave me no idea of the actual condition of Italy.

Certain articles I read later in *Chambers's Miscellany* on the imprisonment of Silvio Pellico and Andryane, though very condensed, impressed me with the idea that some time ago the Austrians had been very cruel in Italy, and that there had been conspiracies against them; but they gave no clear information, and only left me with curiosity.

When I was fourteen I began to read Sismondi's *Républiques Italiennes.* This interested me greatly, and I read diligently through the seventeen volumes, finishing when I was about seventeen; but this concluded at the close of the fifteenth century. All the history and all the poetry I read imbued and confirmed me in ideas of patriotism and deliverance from foreign oppressors, and of the value of conspiracies.

When I was sixteen I read, in the original, *Le Mie Prigioni* of Silvio Pellico. This made a very deep impression on me, from its extreme pathos and deep religious feeling. It made, however, no allusion to politics, and I remained in the dark concerning them.

When I was seventeen I read Farini's *History of the Roman State* (1820–50), translated by W. E. Gladstone, in four large volumes. This was a book drily written, but it gave me for the first time an intelligible and connected view of Italian politics up to the present time. Moreover, in the events of 1849 in Rome, the name of Mazzini was necessarily prominent. I had never before heard the name, but the character at once seized and dominated me. Farini was a patriot, and a Moderate, a colleague of Cavour; he was equally hostile to the Papacy, the Austrians, and the Republican party; but his history was written with candour and an endeavour for impartiality, and the actual actions and words of Mazzini formed an image of the ideal patriot, hero, and saint in my mind. From that moment I recognised Mazzini

as the master-mind of the century, and the master and responsive note of my own mind. I had not previously known or imagined that such a one could be living in the world; it was a great revelation, and changed the aspect of the world to me; and I immediately resolved that, as soon as I was of age, I would seek Mazzini and devote myself to his cause and the cause of Italy; and from this determination I never departed.

This book also introduced me to the knowledge of Garibaldi and Ugo Bassi, the latter only in a few brief lines, recording his death; but Garibaldi's exploits during the siege of Rome, and especially his Retreat afterwards, were recounted, in a dry and bald manner certainly, and without enthusiasm, but accurately. The Retreat especially was marked by a daily itinerary, and the whole of this I transcribed and used afterwards in my poem of "Ugo Bassi" in *The Disciples*; it was in fact the basis of my material. I had it in my memory all these years, and Garibaldi became now a hero to me only second to Mazzini, and the idea of Ugo Bassi as a martyr also remained with me.

On 14th January 1858, Felice Orsini made his attempt on the life of the Emperor Napoleon III. I heard of it but vaguely, nor did I know of the extent of the tragedy, nor the number of victims; but I knew that Orsini was an Italian patriot, and I remembered that in the summer of 1856 I had seen placards stating that he was delivering a lecture in the neighbourhood, on his escape from an Austrian dungeon in Mantua, and that I had wished to go and hear it.

February 16, 1858, was a memorable day for me. It was my birthday, and I was eighteen. In the morning I received permission henceforth to read *The Times* regularly. This was unusual at that time, and at my age. At this moment Felice Orsini was the most prominent person on the stage of Europe. His personality pervaded the newspapers. The excitement concerning him was intense in Paris, where his trial was about to begin. How great it was may be judged by the fact that both the Emperor and Empress (whose lives he had attempted, and all but sacrificed) were most passionately eager for his pardon. At that time *The Times* had a correspondent in Paris of special talent. I found *The Times'* article from Paris full of the most eloquent and dramatic accounts of the romantic personality of Orsini, the Italian patriot and martyr, of his extraordinary and heroic adventures, of his impending trial. I was fascinated beforehand. That afternoon I was walking with my father in Regent Street. Before us was a placard at a shop-door, saying, "Portrait of Felice Orsini. Admission One Shilling." My father suggested that we should go in. We were conducted to a room in the basement, totally dark, but arranged so that light should fall upon one object only—the picture. It was by Madame Jirechau of Copenhagen, and a very striking likeness. It represented Orsini in prison, with fetters upon his hands, a man in the prime of life, of a most splendid and handsome appearance; looking out of the darkness, in a full light, the face and figure appeared almost life-like. Upon me, at the most im-

pressionable age, the most impressionable moment, the effect was instantaneous and indelible. I came away dazed, and with the image of Felice Orsini paramount in my mind. For some weeks onward my whole brain was filled by him, still alive; nourished by the daily eloquence of *The Times'* correspondent, the passionate appeals of Jules Favre, the letters published from him, the deepening tragedy enacted. As the time of his execution drew near, my emotion grew more and more intense. The night before his execution I spent entirely in prayer and intercession for him, and so vivid was my imagination, that I felt both then and afterwards as if I was actually present at his execution, both in the prison and on the scaffold. What rendered the scene more vivid was that, as a child of ten years old, I had accompanied my parents to Paris, and had a perfect recollection of the Rue Roquette and the place adjoining, also of Paris generally. It was always impossible for me to tell whether or not I had been really present; but in a secret sort of way, I always believe that I had been; in later years the increased knowledge of psychical conditions which has become general makes me thoroughly believe that my instinctive feelings were true.

Orsini had now taken complete possession of my imagination. He appeared to me the martyr of his country, sacrificing himself for her redemption; and, in fact, there is no doubt that the Emperor Napoleon's campaign for the liberation of Italy was caused and hastened by his action.

Mazzini remained the object of my profoundest vene-

ration, the Father and Apostle of Italy; but Orsini remained for long the principal figure in the foreground.

Ever since I was six years old I had written poetry. It expressed my own feelings, thoughts, and emotions; but, as with all young poets, the form was mainly imitative, the principal influence being Mrs. Hemans and Sir Walter Scott. When I was eighteen and a half, a new and sudden influx of poetic inspiration came to me, accompanied by original form as well as thought. From this time onward I wrote my own poems, without any likeness to others, and my style was formed at once. Almost the first of these poems to be composed was "The Execution of Felice Orsini," subsequently published in the volume *Aspromonte and other Poems*. This was the subject which possessed my mind to a morbid degree. Although I was so young when this poem was composed, I have always considered it the most remarkable I have ever written, and in many respects the finest. The metre in which it is written is entirely singular and very difficult. I did not choose it; it came into my head, and I wrote the rest of the poem according. It was a metre never used before, and it has never been copied since. It was written under the stress of a great and painful emotion, and is the account of an historical event, written not from memory or tradition, but from the standpoint of the actual present, and of a participant, not merely a spectator or a hearer of the tragedy. I found the writing of this poem very laborious, both on account of the painfulness of the subject and the difficulty of

the form. I got on with it very slowly, and it took me a year and a half to complete, although I wrote several other poems within this period. I did not write quickly or easily at this time.

In 1857 there had taken place an insurrectionary expedition into the kingdom of Naples, led by Pisacane. It was met by an overwhelming number of Neapolitan soldiers. Pisacane was killed on the spot, and Nicotera, who succeeded to the command and who was wounded, was taken prisoner, with the remainder of the band. They were taken to Salerno for trial, which was held in public. *The Times* had, at Salerno, a correspondent not less eloquent than the one who had described the trial of Orsini. The account was thrilling and dramatic. It affected me powerfully, and I transcribed the whole of it. This formed, fifteen years afterwards, the sole material for my poem of "Nicotera" in *The Disciples.* The prisoners were all condemned to penal servitude for life, but Nicotera, as the ringleader, was condemned for life to a peculiarly horrible dungeon in solitary confinement. This made a deep and painful impression on me, and for a considerable time afterwards I used to pray every day that he might die quickly—I did not think he could survive. But Garibaldi's campaign in 1860 put an entire end to this state of things.

The year 1859 was a great year for Italy, and a rejoicing one for me. It opened with a threatening of war with Austria by the Emperor of the French, followed by the alliance with Victor Emanuel, and the campaign of Lombardy. In April the Neapolitan

exiles, Baron Poerio and his companions, arrived in England, having mastered the crew and captured the vessel which was transporting them to penal servitude. They were received with acclamations of welcome, and a subscription was opened to provide for them, to which I joyfully contributed. I was intensely happy in the sense of their deliverance and of their presence in London, even though I had no opportunity of seeing them. Through April, May, and June, the war in Lombardy moved as one continual triumph for Italy. Magenta and Solferino were its crowning victories. The battle of Solferino took place on Midsummer Day, 1859. That day was the concluding one of the First Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace. "Israel in Egypt" was performed, and I was present with my father. It was the great music of a nation's great deliverance, and it thrilled me beyond expression. I had hardly ever heard any music before, and some occult intuition made me aware of the battle and victory of that day, and mingled the sense of it with the triumphal music. That Midsummer Day shines out as one of the most glorious of my life. The passion for Italy so completely absorbed me that my own life was of no importance to me in comparison; I only longed to be able to sacrifice it. But I had no idea of the horrors of war. This was the year of the resurrection of Italy; and before its end the kingdom of North Italy was firmly established. I continued writing my poem on Orsini at intervals throughout it.

Early in 1860 I completed this poem, but not with-

out much pain and difficulty. I found that my health suffered greatly from dwelling so intensely on such a painful topic; and I had the sensation strongly that I was being dragged down to the grave by Orsini, to be beside him. This idea will not seem so strange or improbable to thoughtful persons as it would have done some years ago. I resolved, to save my life, as I thought, to banish Orsini at once and completely out of my mind. I succeeded in doing so, and adhered to my determination.

This was the year of Garibaldi and his "Thousand" —of the expedition to Marsala, of the conquest of Sicily and Naples. It was the supreme year of Garibaldi. I eagerly watched his progress, and wrote several poems on it, but grieving all the while that I was still too young to act independently and be with him. I knew that an English lady, Miss Jessie White, was with his Volunteers, and this made me more determined that on the first opportunity I would join also.

At the end of the campaign, the United Kingdom of Italy was complete, with the exception of Venetia and the remaining Papal States with Rome.

During the whole of 1861 however, and in 1862 up to August, no stirring events took place in Italy, and my own thoughts were diverted in other directions.

PART I

MY CORRESPONDENCE WITH MAZZINI BEFORE MY MARRIAGE

I NOW come to the time of personal correspondence with Mazzini. In August 1862 I became aware from the newspapers that Garibaldi had suddenly appeared in Sicily with an armed force, and was about to make his way through Naples to Rome. The expedition was without Government sanction or connivance, but undoubtedly he counted on approval should he succeed. Now the sudden occasion had arisen for which I had waited nearly two years, but which I had almost forgotten, in the lull that had come over Italian affairs. My mind was made up immediately. My opportunity had come. Garibaldi was in the field; I was free now; I might go to him—the way of Death was open to me; I might die a Martyr, I might die young—for the thought of old age had always been a terror to me.

On August 16, 1862, I wrote my first letter to Mazzini, herewith transcribed. From the first I kept careful copies both of my own letters to Mazzini and of Mazzini's letters to me; besides, of course, treasuring Mazzini's own letters.

"CHARDSTOCK, *August* 16, 1862.

"MAZZINI!—Forgive me for intruding on one whose every moment is precious, but I can keep silence no longer: and needing counsel and advice I come, to seek it from him who has long been the guiding star of my aspirations, and whom, though so great and to me unknown, I approach with the confidence of an old familiar friend, and the mild father of my spiritual life.

"It has struck me as strange that I should have been so long in the same world with you, my heart beating toward yours, and yet that you should know me not. Why should this be? Let me claim the privilege which the age gives me of knowing Mazzini. We say now, Oh! that we had lived in the days of our Saints and Heroes! They who live in the days of Mazzini, Garibaldi, Orsini, and Nicotera need not complain,—only they should use their privileges.

"I almost forget that you do not know me, I seem to know you so well; and I seem to have some claims upon you too, I have so often defended you, pleaded for you, declared my faith and reverence for you, in presence of the rich and noble and ignorant who scoffed or uttered slanders. I have borne reproach and persecution too for your name and your principles. Nay more, I am in exile now, banished from my father's house of state and luxury into lonely obscurity and poverty, for the sake of those principles.

"I have worshipped you, reverenced you so long; yet this is the first time I have ventured to address

you. You are so great, yet I know you are gentle too.

"I apply to you now,—this is a moment of action—Garibaldi is in arms,—his ends and means are alike dark to us. We know that Mazzini is head, and Garibaldi hand, but they have but one heart between them. You know, you forecast the glorious deeds of Garibaldi. As a true disciple I question not, I desire only to follow and obey;—but I pray you one thing,—tell me is this the time? Have I a chance now to follow and render him service? Will you enroll me under your authority? Will there be fighting?—will it last long enough to give employment to ministering hands? I am a woman, fearless, of tender hands and heart. I have nursed the sick and dying; let me offer relief and consolation to the Martyrs of the Holy War. I am a poet too, and could record the exploits of God's heroes, might I accompany them. I know my long-cherished desire is wild and visionary—like *Italia Unita* thirty years ago—but it is not Mazzini who will reproach me for that! You know full well that it is not the poets, the enthusiasts, the visionaries, who are the weakest and most contemptible instruments in a cause like this. For me, I care not for human honour or success. In the hour when the world is against him, would I most joyfully throw myself at the feet of Garibaldi. I would rather share defeat, reproach, martyrdom, than victory and applause. Had my age permitted me, I would have been among those who served in the campaign of 1860; but now only am I

free; and I rejoice that an opportunity seems again to open, testing still more deeply the faith and devotion of the brethren.

"It is but little I have been able to do, and that in secret, for the cause that has been to me a passion. A few songs—I send you one that you may know my heart—money saved from my pleasures in my days of abundance, and many prayers to God have been all my services hitherto. I have devoted much time and labour to a long poem on your glorious friend and fellow-martyr, Felice Orsini. A high literary authority has assured me that this poem merits attention; and I am now in negotiation for its publication. When it is printed, I shall have the honour of presenting it to you, certain of your sympathy. It is also my intention, if possible, and with your sanction, to undertake a complete biography of that tried and noble spirit.

"Mazzini, who for his crown of laurel wears the crown of thorns, has been ever to me too sacred and exalted a mystery for my song to reach. When I come into his presence I find no words, but only tears and burning of the heart. Obedience is the best homage to render him.

"Believe me, as I believe my heart, which tells me I could serve you. Is there no power in burning faith and love? Though young, my life has been strange and sad already, and I am loose to those ties which bind to home. In freedom and purity of spirit, I would walk with God, heeding little of the world,

and fearing nothing. In the Crusade of our day, surely maidens and children are not out of place.

"They blame Mazzini for sending so many to death. Those died happy; for myself I would ask no better fate. This I ask: is the final hour of action come? or must I wait for a future? I would not miss it when it comes: only, remember this,—you have in me one ever ready to obey you, and to serve your holy cause, to leave all and follow you at your summons on whatever mission you appoint. Test my fidelity as you will: only, I pray you, of your generosity, not to impose upon me anything repugnant to my conscience, nor that would cut me off from my present sphere of life without insuring to me a new one.

"I send you my own likeness that you may know the face of one of your most faithful disciples.

"This letter is for your eyes alone. Farewell, great spirit, whom God knows now, whom men will know hereafter. I kiss your hands. Accept me and command me as yours.

"Harriet Eleanor Baillie Hamilton.

"*To* Joseph Mazzini."

At this time I was staying with friends in Dorsetshire.

I do not remember how I forwarded the letter, but I have an idea it was through Effingham Wilson, a publisher whose name I had seen. I anxiously waited for an answer to my letter, and it arrived on August 21st, though dated August 19th. I transcribe it herewith.

"My Friend,—for you will allow me to give that name to you—your letter is both a consolation and an encouragement. You overrate me; but my intentions have always been good and pure; my aim is a sacred one, and I never have, for sorrow, blame, or deceptions, departed it. So, although knowing it undeserved, I accept and welcome your enthusiasm as one of God's blessings, bidding me to go on cheerfully whilst life lasts. I, too, seem to know you well. Your face, your poetry, and your letter make me see through you as if I had known you for years. Since this moment, reckon me as a friend and treat me as such. I am worn out and overworked; but it will always be gladly and smilingly that I shall interrupt what else I shall be doing for the sake of answering you. Yes; the hour for brave souls who want to devote themselves is fast coming; it has not yet come. Nothing can be decided whilst Garibaldi is in Sicily. There may still arise insurmountable obstacles between him and the aim. When he is on the Continent, at Naples, and when, having mustered there all the forces we can yield, he crosses the Neapolitan frontier towards Rome, then will be the time; and then, I shall, as a friend, tell you: reconsider, think of those you leave behind, and who, although stern or misled or unappreciating, may deeply grieve; think of what you might do here too; think earnestly, solemnly, of the grounds and the possible consequences of your decision; and if the inward voice, the whisper of God, still tells you *Go*, Come: and then I, too, I shall claim to help you

there, if, by chance, your means should not afford the journey. I shall direct you to friends wherever you land, and you will meet me there, for they will not go to Rome without me.

"Write to T. Ernesti, 2 Onslow Terrace, Brompton, S.W., London. The letters will reach me quicker. Do you know our language?

"Was your beautiful hymn for the British Legion ever printed?—Ever your friend, JOSEPH MAZZINI.

"*August* 19*th.*"

I feel that any comment of mine upon this most strange and beautiful letter would be sacrilegious. Its extraordinary power of divination can be known only to myself. First and last, and all through, Mazzini read my soul with an unerring intuition which was reached by no one else. At that time an immortal bond was forged between Mazzini and myself so complete that nothing thereafter could either break it or increase it. I do not think that in all the following years we ever knew each other more fully than at that time.

The next few days were, I think, the most glorious and unclouded of my life. I lived in a dream of joy and exultation. The weather was splendid, and the time was mostly spent in excursions to lovely spots, through a lovely and lonely country. On August 23rd I wrote again to Mazzini. I was not reticent of my new-found glory, and I shared my letter and my prospect with all my friends around.

But late on the evening of August 25th, I was suddenly informed that my parents had arrived to take me with them to the north of Scotland. Communications had passed between them and my friends, and this was the result: I was told to be ready to start the next morning at 8 A.M. But before that hour I had already received, addressed in Mazzini's handwriting, two Italian pamphlets, covered in pink paper, one being entitled *Ai Giovani d' Italia Parole di Giuseppe Mazzini*, which is very beautiful; and the other, with a deep black border, *Ricordi dei Fratelli Bandiera*, which is a valuable historical document, though containing certain misapprehensions current in that day, and which time has corrected. Mazzini himself had left for Italy at that time.

I was not much disturbed at the event. Mazzini had told me to wait; the time was soon coming, but not yet come. We travelled the first day to London, and from London to York, a long and fatiguing journey. I was chiefly occupied in taking note of every place and every station we passed; as it was in my mind when the time came, to slip quietly away and back to London. I knew I could not join Garibaldi openly, as it was contrary to both the English and Italian Governments. The next day we travelled to Perth; and the next day thence to Aberdeen, and thence twenty miles to Haddo House, arriving on August 28th.

On the next day took place the engagement (it cannot be called a battle) of Aspromonte, in which Garibaldi was wounded and taken prisoner, and his

followers dispersed. Mazzini was at this moment in Lombardy; and it is said that he was so overwhelmed with grief, indignation, and disappointment that he became delirious, and very ill. Thus swiftly and suddenly ended the whole enterprise, and with it my short-lived hopes.

I occupied my time at Haddo in composing the poem published several years after under the title of "Aspromonte," but which, when I wrote it, was called "Garibaldi at Varignano"—absolutely a contemporary poem, and not one of retrospective imagination, being written during the first days when he was actually lying wounded and a prisoner. It was published in the *Observer* November 15, 1862. Also in preparing for the press my poem on "The Execution of Felice Orsini," which Mr. Henry S. King (whom I subsequently married, and who was then a partner in the publishing house of Smith, Elder & Co.) had undertaken to print.

On 23rd October we returned home to Greenwich Park.

On November 5th, I received from Mr. Henry S. King a parcel containing twelve copies of my poem on "The Execution of Orsini," privately printed. They were beautifully printed and bound, six in black cloth with red edges, six in black morocco with gilt edges. I still retain two of the copies bound in morocco. I can account for seven other copies, but I do not remember what became of the other three. I sent one copy to Garibaldi, and one to Mazzini, but I have no

copy of any letter I sent him with it. I received in reply the following note:—

"DEAR FRIEND,—I received the small precious book. I am in England again. May I write? I remember some doubtful expressions of yours, and I would not, for all the world, be the source of the smallest trouble to you.—Ever faithfully yours, J. M.

"*Wednesday.*"

The post-mark of this letter is November 20th.

I did not hear again from Mazzini till January 1863, when he wrote as follows:—

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—What must you have thought of my silence? I was again for a while away from London, and then—I lost your address. I find it to-day inside an envelope which I had considered as empty, and I hasten to write a few lines of regret and friendship. Your poem on 'Garibaldi at Varignano' is beautiful. So is, in some parts especially, the poem on Orsini. The life of Orsini appears to me a most difficult task. From where can you get materials? I myself have none. We have no records of the part he took in our secret expeditions before 1848: in 1848 he marched to the Venetian territory, but we have no [detail?] about what he did. Then came two attempts, one on Valtellina, Northern Lombardy, another in Lunigiana, Central Italy, both unsuccessful, not through his own fault. With the first I was personally mixed; and I might

furnish some data, very vague, as I—strange as it may seem—never keep memoranda about myself or others, nor can ever remember dates. From the other attempt I was far. Then comes his scheme of enlisting in the Russian army for the sake of gaining military skill and reputation, and of establishing a link between Italy and the Slavonian element; his journey through Austria, his seizure, his escape from Mantua. Then, his coming to England, where you might perhaps follow his steps better; and his scheme against Louis Napoleon, about which the whole truth, about men and things, which led to the failure, cannot or ought not now to be uttered. Think of all things before undertaking the task. The culminating point of Orsini's individuality is what you have already sung. But if you persist, I shall give you what little help I can. Only, there are shadows in his conduct which a biographer cannot overlook, and which might be left instead to sleep in his grave.

"I did not go to Genoa; I was only in Lombardy. Do you know an edition of *all* my literary and political writings since 1831, published at Milan, and of which four volumes have already appeared. It would be interesting to you, not so much for the old writings as for a sort of historical link which I wrote for every volume, and which contains, besides my political biography, a general sketch of the whole Italian movement since 1821. The edition is sold for the Milanese publishers by Trübner in London. A few copies have been given to me by the editor, but I disposed of the

first volumes before being in contact with you—now I have not one single complete copy. I shall try, however, to collect one if possible.

"I am in work for Venice. We cannot go to Rome against France, unless by overthrowing our own Government, or by a heroic general rising of Rome herself against the 32,000 men now occupying the town. We are *not yet* ripe for either thing. On the other side, I look on Venice as being not only the Venice of 1848-49, and our own, but the link with the dawning Epoch of Nationality. A thoroughly Italian war against Austria would give the signal not only to the Magyars, but to the whole of the Southern Slavonians within the Austrian and the Turkish Empire; —and in such a war we would have a field for the organisation of an army of volunteers which we would then turn towards Rome. I do not know whether or not I shall succeed: I know that *that* is the work, and I try.

"Any letter of yours will be a real comfort; only let me not be the source of annoyance to yourself, dear friend, or yours. Even silent I shall feel you, and know that you are, and think, with me; and pray for me, and I shall be strengthened by it.—Ever yours, with true friendship, JOSEPH MAZZINI.

"*Wednesday*, 2 ONSLOW TERRACE,
"BROMPTON, S.W., LONDON."

The post-mark is January 14, 1863.

On the receipt of this letter, and these warnings, I

gave up my long-cherished project of writing Orsini's life. Now and again, I remark the unreserved confidence with which Mazzini entrusted his secret designs to me. Of this I was not indeed unworthy;—but from first to last I failed to realise that Mazzini prized my friendship as much as I prized his, and found an equal comfort in it. I was too diffident to believe in anything but condescension, and so I missed a great deal.

It was with the last letter, or one of those preceding it, that Mazzini sent me a small photograph of himself: a full-length carte de visite: it was a good likeness, so far as it went, and was a great treasure to me. He also sent me a photograph of the wounded Garibaldi lying in an invalid chair and covered with a down quilt. This was taken either at Varignano or Pisa.

Again Mazzini wrote to me:—

"*March 4th.*

"AMICA,—Did you receive mine written weeks ago? Do not these Polish news stir your soul to the very depths? I am, together with my Russo-Slavonian friends, indefatigably working and trying to help. But the real decisive help is to widen the circle of the movement, surround Poland with friendly emancipated Peoples, and open the way to a free introduction of men and arms.

"Venice is the point where Poland can be effectually helped, and we are working towards it.

"A Bazaar will be held in London on the 15th of April for the 'Venice and Rome Emancipation Fund.'

Can you work some little thing for it? or send something belonging to you?—autographs, sketches, any small embroidery, or whatever other little thing will do. All our friends will help, and I would be glad to have something of yours there. You may address one of the ladies active towards it, Mrs. Stansfeld, 35 Thurloe Square, Brompton.

"Please, write one word, and let me know that you are well, and always sing.

"A short note of yours to Garibaldi was the other day in my hands, from Aspromonte, where it was found.—Ever faithfully yours, JOSEPH MAZZINI."

The postmark is March 4, 1863.

This remark about a note of mine, found at Aspromonte, has always been a mystery to me, as I never sent any note to Garibaldi previous to Aspromonte.

I now come to a painful incident. I was positively compelled, by pressure which I had no means to resist, to break off all correspondence with Mazzini, hitherto permitted, and to promise in writing not to renew it—at least for the present. I wrote him the following letter:—

"CLIFF HOUSE, BOURNEMOUTH,
"*May* 4, 1863.

"MY FRIEND AND CHIEF,—Now I know that you are abroad and preparing for action, I know you are perhaps in danger, and my thoughts and prayers are ever with you. . . .

"I must not take up your time with idle words; but I have something to say which must be said, and which is very sad to me. I may not write to you again. I have been forced to promise by a written engagement that after this time I will hold no further communication with you; or that if ever I renew it, I must declare so formally, and accept the consequences. But you may write me one more line, if you will, of consolation and benediction, and it shall be all my own—but not again. I need not explain this to you—you are used to enmity; nor need I say with what sorrow, loss, and reluctance, I submit to this necessity.

"But you know that my heart is unchanged, I am ever yours in faith and devotion. I will serve you by whatever means I can. I pray for you and think of you, and I am one of yours for ever: have you not written me down among your own? And now, if you were only to give the word of command, I would openly obey you, rather than all the world. But I fear my service is not worth this to you, and I must wait in silence for a while. Only you will not think me unfaithful or a deserter, will you? You will remember I am yours, to be called upon whenever I can be of use, though for a time I am denied to speak to you in words. But you have enriched me and strengthened me for a long time to come, and I shall hear your voice in public, and perhaps from Mrs. Stansfeld I shall sometimes hear of you, and you of me. I am sure she is kind and true, and I thank you for having made

me known to her. Only if there ever be anything I can do for you, I ask only that you will not request it as a stranger, but command and claim it as your own.

"Perhaps it will not be for a long time that I must cease to correspond with you: life is full of change, and whenever I find myself in a freer condition I shall speak out again the homage that is in my heart. What money I can contribute from time to time, I will send to Mrs. Stansfeld. And may I ask that now, amid all your care, you will send me one line to soften the pain of this privation. I wish there were any vow or ceremony I might pass through that would bind me to your cause visibly; but it is not needed —I am bound for life and death. Can I procure in England any journal supported by you? I believe one is published at Genoa.

"And can I hope that you will remember me, that you will give me a place enrolled among your disciples? I know that with you your followers are no mere instruments and servants, but all are your children, and each lies in your heart, and all that they render you is returned a thousandfold. Yet, thinking of all the hundreds, the saints and martyrs, who year after year have lived, and suffered, and died, inspired by you, I feel it presumptuous to claim a place in so noble a company. In your heart are enshrined the dead faces of the Bandiera, and Dandolo, and Ugo Bassi, Felice Orsini, Anita Garibaldi, and many more among the martyrs:—and all the multitudes who have

done and suffered so much for you, and still are serving you; and I know no face and no voice is ever forgotten by you, but there is room for all within your heart; so give me too, though so small and unworthy, only the last place there.

"Yet I do hope that some day I shall do you true service, and be rewarded by you, according to *your* rewards. Kings give their followers gold and honours, luxury and state. You, crowned and anointed one of God, though no king, you recompense your faithful ones with exile and penury and reproach, with prisons and tortures and scaffolds: yet I do not think any one ever felt himself ill-rewarded by you. Your rewards are best and worthiest. My dreams have had no better aspiration. I thank you now that, for your sake, I have to bear some annoyance and persecution; but it is very little to speak of, and it is more than pleasure to me if you accept it.

"It is just I should forego a privilege I have not yet merited. Should I have the reward before the labour? I will trouble you no more. Adieu, my dear, dear friend; the tears are in my eyes, but I feel none can tear my soul away from God and His chosen ones. I think of you when I pray, and when the sun shines; and I shall think of you when I die, and after that, I shall see you. You have made God's ways clear to me through your voice. You have supported my faith, and kept me from despair so often; you do not know all you have done for my soul; and doubtless for many other souls whose blessing follows you

through Eternity. May God bless you for ever, great Prophet and Martyr!—For ever your faithful

"Harriet Eleanor B. Hamilton."

It seems almost sacrilegious, after nearly fifty years, to expose these letters, warm from living hearts, to the mockery of a sceptical and materialistic world. Yet in those days, the world was equally sceptical and materialistic, and it was even harder, and pervaded by a vice which has now disappeared—hypocrisy. But after all, truth is best. There are warm hearts still, though not so burning with hope; all things are greyer; but it is good to have lived in this experience. My own letters are long-winded and perhaps pragmatical; but they were not written in such a hurrying age, and the passion throbs through, though the phrases are not curtailed. But as empty words they are of little value. Their value is especially this: they are the testimony of a host of devoted lives. They have been sealed with blood in prisons, on scaffolds, and on battle-fields. These men did not speak: they acted, and fought and suffered, and died, leaving home and family, comfort and security, for the fatal and glorious cause. For myself, I have always felt a certain shame that these most true words, whose sincerity was immediately clear to Mazzini, were not accompanied by corresponding deeds. Yet they entailed an equal sacrifice, though not so obvious and direct; and I was reserved by Providence to render service of another sort in

writing *The Disciples*, which I alone was fitted for, and alone could fulfil.

Mazzini was abroad, and I did not receive an answer till May 27th, as follows:—

"*May 20th.*

"Bless you, dear friend, and peace be on your soul. We can and shall love, esteem, trust one another in silence. Evidently the members of your family know nothing of me, and, in common with many others, choose to judge me from *The Times*. It would be more just to judge me from what I write and really *do*, and it would be more wise to try to convince you, than to forbid corresponding with me whom you esteem, and will continue to esteem. However, they are your family; they are no doubt good, although mistaken; they love you in their own way, and are convinced that they fulfil towards you a duty of love. They must be loved and respected, and if my silence can yield to them some satisfaction, I feel bound to be silent. You can bear witness that I did speak the same thing to you on the beginning of our written contact.

"Should what I consider a *vital* duty to be performed arise for you, I shall speak again, I do promise it. Meanwhile, love your friend until he does wrong—and loses all right to love; love Italy, and pray for her; love all those who do, in this egotistical unbelieving Europe of ours, struggle for Truth and Justice against Lies and Wrong. Study more and more

deeply and impartially the elements of this struggle which contains in itself the germ of a better Europe, and of a religious transformation which will soon or late enthrone a real moral authority on the overthrow of the sham authority of the day. Seek for books which can enlighten you about the Nationalities of the East of Europe: *there*, after Italy, is the seat of mighty changes and events. Try to get something of our own Press. There is, amongst others, a weekly paper at Genoa—*Il Dovere*—in which I shall sometimes write. Subscribe from the beginning: it has now some eight numbers. The price is trifling—five shillings a year, I think; only you must add the absurdly high charge of the postage; twopence for each number. You may settle all this with Mrs. Stansfeld, my dearest friend in London, and one of the best women I know: you have only to tell her about it, and give the address to which the paper must be sent. She will tell me. And believe that, even without external deeds, love, prayer, faith in a good, pure, and generous soul, will help a good cause. As for me individually, the feeling that *you* commune with me in friendship and belief, will give me strength and comfort. Let me know, if possible, through Mrs. St. or by the *envoi* of a newspaper addressed in your own handwriting, that you are well and not forgetful; I shall be grateful.

"I am now trying to give to Poland the only real help that can be given by rousing action on Venetian grounds against Austria. The difficulties are

almost overwhelming, and I do not know whether or not I shall be able to overcome them. If I do not succeed, I shall, towards the end of June, be in England again; if I do, I can say nothing for myself, except that I shall try to fulfil my duty. Garib: is still unable to act; all that man can do, he certainly will, the movement once initiated. Thanks for the £5 and for the contributions to the Bazaar.

"And now, dear friend, farewell, I hope not for ever. May God help, inspire, guide you. Men cannot part souls; mine will be often with you; yours, I trust, with mine, and I shall feel it.—Ever affectionately yours,

"Joseph Mazzini."

This letter was written on very thin foreign paper, slightly sealed, and folded up with my address outside; but the envelope in which it was sent has the postmark London, May 20th, 1863, and is not addressed in his handwriting. There is no clue as to where the letter was written; but it is evident that he was abroad, actively engaged, and in danger; although, as is characteristic, he makes no allusion to the latter circumstance.

This letter is beautiful, and remarkable for its generosity on two points: first, in the sentiments attributed to others, which were, alas, very wide of the mark; secondly, in its trust of myself, whose conduct could only appear weak, fickle, and faint-hearted.

I heard nothing of Mazzini during the ensuing months; nor did any striking movement take place in

Italy. But the time of my marriage drew very near; and I was no longer bound by the promise I had made. I wrote again to Mazzini as follows:—

"*September* 17*th*, 1863,
"MACARTNEY HOUSE, BLACKHEATH.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Once more I am at liberty to speak to you; and this time I have to ask your sympathy and joy for myself. On Tuesday next is my wedding-day, and I enter, I trust, a life of love and happiness, with the blessing of God. I feel sure you will not deem me intruding myself on you by this announcement; rather, I felt I *could* not take this step without imparting it to you, my Friend and Chief; and I feel sure you will not let me miss your kindly thoughts and blessing on my marriage day. I rejoice to feel that I have a claim upon your great and noble heart, as one of *yours*, even as you have a claim upon me of eternal veneration and gratitude. I have been, and am still now, much hurried and engaged, or I should have written to you sooner. I am about to be married to Mr. Henry King, of the Manor House, Chigwell, Essex; and a member of the publishing house of Smith, Elder and Co., Cornhill. My life has been romantic hitherto, and it was strangely that we came together. First, through some poems which I sent to the *Cornhill Magazine*, his thoughts were drawn towards me; and afterwards it was through my poem on Orsini that we were brought into closer sympathy. And now I am very happy, and my heart is at rest, and at home. My

future husband is widely known, and by all beloved and esteemed. He is the friend of your friend, Mr. Shaen. He unites with me in sympathy with the cause of Italy, and in admiration for your character. His political views are not on all points identical with yours; but in those feelings and truths which meet above the range of temporary questions, he is one with all noble souls.

"I am ever bound to your cause with heart and voice, and such service as I can render is joyfully at your command; though a nearer and sacred duty will keep me henceforth happy at home. I feel the more, in my own repose and happiness, the sublimity of that virtue which sustains you to such noble work and suffering, without earthly hope or earthly happiness, and I pray that God may still comfort and strengthen you, to the comfort and strength of others, till He calls you to receive the crown of your long Apostolate and Martyrdom.

"I fear, from hearing of no results, that your mission of the spring has failed for the present. Yet I do not believe that you have worked in vain, here or elsewhere. Accept, from one at least, the assurance of real and lasting benefits received from you.

"Ever sacred in my heart will be the name of the Apostle of my youth, and the great Immortal who ennobled my life with the title of his Friend.

"I hope that I shall one day see you, and that you will know him whom I ask you to receive also into your friendly regards.

"I need not say how much I should prize a few lines from you now. I am here till Tuesday;—after that, would you kindly direct to me, Mrs. Henry King, care of Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., 65 Cornhill, E.C.

"Once more I ask you to remember me upon my wedding-day; and I am ever your grateful and affectionate HARRIET E. B. HAMILTON.

"*To* JOSEPH MAZZINI."

I was married on 22nd September 1863, to Mr. Henry Samuel King, and shortly after went to reside at the Manor House, Chigwell, which belonged to him.

Mazzini was still abroad; and his answer did not reach me till his return, more than a month later:—

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Blessings on you from my deepest soul, and may you be blessed in those you love and will love! Your note came to me late, when only a few days ago I reached London. I have been seriously ill, and am still unwell. The source of the evil being in the spine, I am threatened with paralysis. This does not matter much. The question is for me not how long I am to live, but how to use life whilst I have it. The only reason which made me mention the fact is to explain the laconism of my present notes, if I am allowed to correspond with you.

"My sojourn in my country has not been useless. The Venetian provinces are organising for a movement which Italy must and will second. Nuclei of our volun-

teers have been prepared, armed, and equipped on the Lombard side, to cross the frontier as soon as the movement will be initiated. Garibaldi and I are perfectly agreeing. I am at the head of the organisation; he will lead the action. We would have acted this year; but what I collected in Italy was sufficient for the preparation-stage, not for the mobilisation of the elements. Time dragged on more than I expected, until the first snows on the Alps made it impossible to begin an insurrection which ought to rise and last for some time in the mountainous regions of the Venetia. Having four or five months before me, I decided to come back.

"My principal aim in so urging on a Venetian movement is Poland. It makes my heart bleed to see now every day murder—the murder of a brave heroic people going on—and having nothing from Europe beyond the applause which our forefathers were giving to the gladiators when they were 'dying beautifully.' The Poles will go on during the winter; but, if not helped, they will fall from exhaustion. Now, the Salvation of Poland lies in a Hungarian rising, and to determine a rising in Hungary, there must be a war initiated against Austria from somewhere else.

"Be happy; it is your friend's wish—but do not forget those who are not—the good and brave who are struggling and dying in a noble cause. Let marriage be for you a holier thing than it is generally—two loving beings lending support to one another—support and consolation—in the fulfilment of their appointed

task. Let it not be, for God's sake, *de l'égoïsme de deux personnes.* Revere the dreams of your first youth. Do not forsake us, doomed to live and die alone. Give help whenever an opportunity presents itself. Now and ever your friend, JOSEPH MAZZINI.

"*Saturday*, 2 ONSLOW TERRACE,
"FULHAM ROAD, S.W."

The post-mark is October 24, 1863.

My marriage created a new relationship, which, in a manner, placed a barrier between Mazzini and myself, only removed by his death. I had no longer a *single* life; entering into a double one, I lost my independence of mind. Moreover, the claims upon me of the life I entered into were so engrossing and overwhelming as to leave no room for any exterior interest. My past in Mazzini was not killed, but overlaid and buried for many years: only rising to the surface in an occasional pause. Hitherto my devotion had borne no fruit; but the hope that I should yet do him some service was not in vain. I was preserved for this, but it did not come to pass till he was beyond this life.

But these were his words in this letter: "Revere the dreams of your first youth." To these I was always faithful, however deep they lay in my heart; to them I have been faithful to this day, even when they are but a memory. Poor and miserable are they who know not these dreams; and yet, alas! the multitude knows them not, even when surfeited with all the

goods of this world. They are the most precious of all God's gifts. And therefore now, in the evening of age, when are left only "the ashes of our wonted fires," I can still think of Mazzini with looking forward,

> "Where with the morn those angel faces smile,
> Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile."

PART II

MY PERSONAL INTERCOURSE WITH MAZZINI AFTER MY MARRIAGE TILL HIS DEATH

I HAVE previously recorded the rise of my feelings towards Mazzini, and the letters that had passed between us. I now come to the time when we met face to face.

The first time was on 30th January 1864. It was about four months after my marriage, and the first day available for me. I went from the Manor House, Chigwell, to meet my husband at 65 Cornhill, and he accompanied me (it was a Saturday) to Mazzini's lodgings at Brompton. We returned home the same evening. It was a fatiguing expedition, but all my days were full of fatigue. Mazzini lived then, and during all the years I knew him, in a house called 18 Fulham Road. It was one of a row of small, three-storied houses, standing a little way back from the road, with, in front, a little iron gate and a small grass plot. I believe the whole place has long been demolished. He occupied the first floor of two rooms, and his landlady's name was Mrs. France. He went by the name of Signor Ernesti, and his letters were so addressed. This was a quite transparent disguise, as he was perfectly well known to the police; but it was

probably convenient. I do not remember if we had previously announced our visit; but we found him at home. He was in the small front sitting-room, so filled with books and papers there was hardly room to move, and with his little canaries and greenfinches fluttering about the room. He had been smoking, but had put away his cigar. At last we stood face to face. I had a photograph of him, but a small and poor one, and it was with an indescribable emotion that I saw before me the slender emaciated form, the noble face and brow, and the great dark, liquid velvet eyes, with their wonderful fire and depth, and heard the gentle, caressing voice. He was dressed, as always, in the deep mourning, the black velvet waistcoat buttoned up to the throat, which was his distinctive costume. I have no recollection of what was said. I could only utter a few words of devotion and thankfulness; and though Mazzini himself was a fluent and eager talker, I do not remember that he said much, nor anything that he said. It was my husband who principally sustained the conversation. He had a peculiar gift, not the affectation of one, of being able to talk fluently about anything and to any one without having the slightest acquaintance with either. I do not think he had ever read anything of Mazzini's, nor had any but a vague idea about him, but he had accepted him wholly as my friend, and as a man of distinction; he met him with the greatest cordiality, and being himself a great speaker, he mainly did the talking. Mazzini and I gazed at one another. In spite

of my emotion, the events of the past months had been for me so new, so amazing, and so bewildering, that I could no longer feel what I had felt a year before: I had entered into a new world, into new ties; and I felt sadly that something was lost in me. I felt disappointed, not in Mazzini, but in myself. He never took his large wonderful eyes from my face; and in them there was the expression of the deepest melancholy.

During this time my husband wrote a cordial and sympathetic letter to Mazzini, enclosing a subscription of £5, of which the rough draft has been preserved. It is not dated, but must have been in March 1864. It is as follows:—

"My dear Signor Mazzini,—My wife has been very ill for more than a month, or she would have written to you before. She has asked me to write to you and beg your acceptance of the enclosed small contribution to your fund. I need not tell you it leaves with my most earnest wishes for the success of the great work of Italy's redemption.

"I have yet one thing more to say: it is to ask if, now the spring is coming on us, and the country begins to look pleasant, you will come and stay with us We think the change of air may do you good, and strengthen you for more work.—Believe me always, dear Signor,——

"Of course your time should be sacredly your own."

Mazzini replied as follows (postmark, March 18th, 1864):—

"My dear Mr. King,—Your donation to our Venetian fund—for it is Venice which now constitutes our immediate aim—is doubly welcome, both as a valued proof of your sympathy with our national cause, and as coming at a moment when the storm is raging around me and mine. Be so kind as to convey my thanks to Mrs. King. I deeply regret her having been ill. As to your very kind invitation, alas! Those who choose to see in me the wild conspirator, instead of the man deeply and religiously convinced that life is a task and a battle, do little suspect how worn-out, exhausted and 'a'weary,' I feel, and how I dream of a quiet, solitary retreat in which to be able to write a book about matters of vital importance to me, and which I have been compelled to leave untouched through want of time, before vanishing. But the dream cannot be realised, and I daresay I shall have soon to embark as well as I can into quite a different sort of life. I feel, however, very grateful to you and to her for the thought; I shall remember it if ever things should take a more quiet turn than they are likely to assume in the spring.—Ever faithfully yours, Joseph Mazzini.

"*Friday* 18."

In April took place Garibaldi's visit to England. He arrived on April 11, 1864, and went to stay with the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland at Stafford House. I received an invitation from Mrs. George Smith to go

in the afternoon to 45 Pall Mall to see him pass. The crowd was immense, and it was a great interest to me to watch it. At last, just before seven o'clock, Garibaldi himself appeared. He was standing up in the open carriage, which could hardly make way through the frantic press, dressed in the familiar red shirt and grey mantle, and, I think, bareheaded. The enthusiasm was delirious. It was Garibaldi himself as he had been described and pictured a hundred times. I returned home satisfied, but much fatigued.

On April 14th Garibaldi went in state to the Italian Opera. My husband purchased tickets for the stalls for himself, Miss King, and myself. The opera was *Norma*, with a fragment of *Masaniello*, and the principal singers were Mario and Grisi, who, though past their prime, were still the leading stars of the operatic stage. For myself, it was my first and last visit to the opera; but neither the singers nor the music raised in me any emotion. I sat entranced, gazing fixedly at Garibaldi the whole time. He sat well in front of the principal box, and full in view. There was the magnificent head, the splendid face, lion-like yet tender. He did not seem to see me, nor the singers, nor any of the audience, but sat silent and motionless, with the far-off abstracted gaze which was habitual to him. I drank it all in, in a long unforgettable impression. We got home at half-past two, after a memorable fatiguing night.

On April 18th I received the following note from Mazzini:—

"Dear Mrs. King,—Will you, to-morrow, Tuesday, go to my friend William Ashurst, 28 Norfolk Crescent, Edgware Road, at ten o'clock in the morning. Garibaldi will breakfast there, and I shall be there too; you will have only to give your name, and you shall be welcome to all. The invitation is not only from me, but from Mr. and Mrs. Ashurst, to whom I spoke yesterday night.

"With kindest regards to Mr. King, I am, dear friend, ever faithfully yours, Joseph Mazzini.

"*Monday.*"

Rising early the next day, April 19th, I, with my husband, proceeded to 28 Norfolk Crescent. We were very hospitably received, and presented to Garibaldi. There was a large gathering, and breakfast was announced almost immediately. Garibaldi offered me his arm, and led me to the place of honour, at the head of the table, and seated me beside him on his right hand. It was the place properly belonging to the hostess. I was young and shy, and I felt much embarrassed by the marked attention and the notice it excited: my attitude to Garibaldi was to admire, not to be admired! and his evident homage of gallantry only confused me. I do not remember any of our attempts at conversation. I could read Italian, but had no practice in speaking it, and I was shy, and did not know what to say, and Garibaldi was habitually taciturn, so that it did not amount to much. Mazzini did not make himself at all

conspicuous. He sat among the other guests at the side of the table, but my husband sat next to him, and they were in animated conversation during the meal. Afterwards I entered into conversation with Mazzini; I do not remember anything special being said, but he was always delightful.

There was great excitement and indignation in the whole party, because Garibaldi had received an intimation from the Government that his presence in England was inconvenient, and he had been requested to leave privately. Garibaldi himself was as tranquil and calm as usual.

No further intercourse took place between us till the birth of my first child—a daughter—on August 16th, 1864. A few days after I begged my husband to inform Mazzini of the event, and to ask for his blessing on the child. This brought in answer the following letter:—

"Dear Mrs. King,—I do not dare to bless, nor feel any right to do so; but may your daughter be like you in aspirations and in worship of the Ideal; and may you be long blessed with her love! It is the sincere wish of a man who feels deeply interested in your life and happiness, because he knows that your life will be good and useful, and that whatever happiness you may enjoy will never make you forget other people's loneliness or unhappiness.

"Pray, thank Mr. King for his kind, interesting note, and tell him that I shall be glad to hear from time to

time one word about yours and your little angel's health.—Ever faithfully yours, JOSEPH MAZZINI.

"August 25th." [1864.]

At the beginning of the year 1865, Mazzini wrote to my husband as follows:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—I really don't know how to thank you for the kind thought and the beautiful present. The cigars are excellent. *Romola* I had already read and admired; but I shall read it again, thinking gratefully of both the author and the donor. By a curious coincidence, I had been asked three days before by the editor of one of our daily papers, the *Unità Italiana*, what novel they might choose for a translation to be inserted as an appendix to the paper; and I have suggested *Romola*. Will there be any objection from the Writer or the Publisher? The book having not yet been translated in Italy, the chances are against its ever being; and as it seems to me important to make it known, I think the facilities ought to be granted. Will you kindly tell me one word about it?

"A letter from Mrs. King would have been dearly and earnestly welcome. I did not receive any, but even the thought makes me feel grateful. I regret very much her having been ill; but she is better now, and you too. Let me take it for a good omen for the whole course of the year which has now begun. I too have been ill: I am better now: for how long I

do not know, nor care much. I am working, and shall, whilst I live, work for Venice, which we must, and spite of all, will and shall have at no very distant time. —Ever faithfully yours, JOSEPH MAZZINI.

"1/65, 2 ONSLOW TERRACE,
"FULHAM ROAD, S.W."

The postmark is 2nd January 1865, and the address is the same house as was afterwards numbered 18 Fulham Road.

This message from Mazzini emboldened me to write again on January 4th, and this is Mazzini's answer to my letter:—

"DEAR MRS. KING,—Your kind note has been dearly welcome. I thought that your perennial silence was meaning a sort of disapproval, and that you did no more commune with my life and aim. Were you not so far, I would have already complied with your wishes, and seen you and Mr. King at your house. But it is literally true that I scarcely ever leave mine before nine in the evening, when I go to the Stansfelds', that is at five minutes' distance. I do not, however, renounce the thought of soon paying you a visit, and seeing and blessing your little angel. The *Dovere* [journal] is for one year, as far as I can make it out, eight shillings and threepence. It would be difficult for you to send the little sum to Genoa. But I have a running account, and I shall take a subscription for you.

"I send something of mine recently published in Italy. It is highly probable that the year will see a real Venetian movement on a larger scale. People may judge or misjudge, but we *know* that the only infallible method for our conquering is to persist in attempting. This last independent spontaneous ebullition of the Trieste has done more towards establishing a general feeling in Italy that Venice must be ours than three years of propagandism.—Believe me, dear Mrs. King, ever faithfully yours, JOSEPH MAZZINI.

"11*th Jan.*, 2 ONSLOW TERRACE." [1865.]

This letter was followed by another note, with the postmark February 4, 1865:—

"DEAR FRIEND,—The last number of the *Dovere*, having been seized, cannot have reached you. The letter to Chigi which it contains is not new to you. But it will be new to you, and a strong indication of the state of the Press in Italy, to see that a paper can be seized for a letter which has been published, not only in a separate form, but in seven of our papers, without any seizure. I hope you are better in health, and that all is right with your little angel. With very kind regards to Mr. King, I am, dear Friend, ever faithfully yours, JOSEPH MAZZINI.

"*Saturday*, 2 ONSLOW TERRACE."

Except that one letter on January 4th, I did not write to Mazzini during the whole of this year. It

was a year of agonies both physical and mental, which I cannot recall without a shudder, and of toils and labours so exhausting as to leave me not a moment even to *think;* and for the greater part of the year we were wanderers, living in lodgings or furnished houses, while our own house was being rebuilt and enlarged. But my silence did not pass unnoticed by Mazzini, as is shown in the following letter to my husband:—

"My dear Sir,—I have still to thank you for the copy of my writings you kindly sent me. The Edition is beautiful, and one might feel childishly proud of being introduced to the English public in such a shape. The price, however, is very high, and will limit very much, I fear, the circulation. The big papers have been silent; if they write anything it will be against.

"How are you? and how is Mrs. King, who has evidently doomed me to an everlasting silence from her?—I am, dear Sir, ever faithfully yours,

"Joseph Mazzini.

"*August 23rd* [1865], 2 Onslow Terrace,
"Fulham Road, S.W."

This letter refers principally to the English edition of Mazzini's works, published by Smith and Elder, in six volumes. The first was published in 1864, and the last in 1870. This publication was due to my husband, and was a real service rendered by him to Mazzini. I do not think the work can ever have paid

the expenses of its publication, for Mazzini's public in England was neither large nor rich.

The year 1866 was, after the first four months, comparatively propitious to me. At the end of March, we returned home to the Manor House, Chigwell, much enlarged. I have no copy of any letters of my own, written this year, but correspondence with Mazzini was renewed in May.

I received this letter, of which the postmark is May 29, 1866:—

"2 Onslow Terrace, Fulham Road.

"My dear Friend,—You are too good to me, and I have been deeply moved by your beautiful *Italian* gift; by the kind affectionate letter with which you accompanied it, and mainly by the thought that, whilst I believed myself to be utterly forgotten by you, you were quietly all the while working for me. I feel grateful, and shall feel so every time I rest my head on the pillow, more than I can express.

"I have been constantly suffering through neuralgic gastritis, lumbago, and plenty of other complaints. I feel weak and exhausted, and I doubt even Spring doing something for me. Still my head is as yet tolerably strong, and the question with me is not how long to live, but how to use life whilst we have it. We are on the eve of a great crisis; we would, I feel sure, go triumphantly through it, if it was only one of war; but the danger lies in our alliance

with Bismarck and with Louis Napoleon: the first shameful, and in contradiction to all our natural national tendencies; the second, shameful and perilous to the highest degree: Louis Napoleon aims not only at a new territorial concession—Sardinia—but at his old scheme, a federative Italy. His mind is bent on a zone of the Marches being given up again to the Pope, Naples going to the Duke of Tuscany too. Now, the management of our war will be probably bad; we may attack the Quadrilateral, have a defeat, consequently France coming to help and protect; and I tremble at the results. We must nevertheless support the war with all our energies, and act according to circumstances, should these possibilities be realised. We are free from all compacts, and pledged only to Italy and right; and there is a Task assigned to Italy by Providence which *must* be fulfilled; helping Nationality, and proclaiming from Rome Liberty of Conscience for the World.

"Do not call me ungrateful, dear friend, if I tell you at once that the beautiful dream you unfold before me cannot be realised. Whilst events are pending, all schemes of rest and self-oblivion are, of course, out of question. I must work and keep ready. But even after, physical and other reasons compel me to live alone. Only I must and certainly shall see you and Mr. King in your residence, and spend with you both a few hours. I am now still subject to cramps and incapable for any long conversation; but if, as I hope, I shall, for a while, get better, I shall tell you, and

we will try to arrange a Sunday or other day call.—Ever and most gratefully yours,

"JOSEPH MAZZINI.

"*Tuesday.*"

The little gift here alluded too was only a cushion worked in raised crochet wool of flowers in the Italian colours—white, green, and red. It was an æsthetic horror; but to my early Victorian eyes, it appeared beautiful; and as such Mazzini in affectionate simplicity received it. The letter pathetically shows his extraordinary humility in gratitude for the smallest kindness, and his sorrowful humility in thinking himself forgotten.

As for the forecast of events, it was in the main fulfilled. Italy was defeated in her war with Austria; but Venice and the Quadrilateral were ceded to her by treaty through France.

On May 30, I received another letter from Mazzini.

"*Tuesday Evening.*

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—You will receive a photograph of myself. I never give one, unless urgently asked; but we live at a distance; we shall never be able to see one another often; I may have to leave for Italy; I may die; and my photograph and name in one of your rooms will be a sort of symbolical link between our souls and thought. If you happen to have one already, give it away to a friend, and keep the one I send.

"With very kind remembrances to Mr. King, I am, dear friend, ever faithfully yours,

"JOSEPH MAZZINI."

Accompanying this note was a large and beautiful photograph of himself, which was altogether the best and most speaking likeness I have ever seen of him. It bore this inscription in his handwriting—

With grateful friendship
to Harriet King.
JOSEPH MAZZINI.
May 27, '66.

It remains a sacred treasure on the walls of my room.

The next letter I received has the postmark July 19, 1866. It is evidently in answer to one of mine.

"*Thursday.*

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Your offering in money ought to be sent to the 'Società Patriotica Femminile' at Milan, Via Filodrammatica No. 1. If you have no friends or correspondents there, of course I can send anything for you. There is, too, an Italian Committee here; you might send your offering to Signor Gemenza and Co., Winchester Street, City, for the Soc. Pat. Femm. of Milan.

"As for needlework, I really do not know what to suggest. But there is here a Ladies' Committee, who are working and sending articles for the same purpose, presided over by the Marchioness of Westmeath; the

chief dépôt in London, 'care of Mr. Steel, 3 Craven Street, Strand.' You might ask for information there. They are in direct contact with Garibaldi.

"I have pronounced the alliance with Bismarck to have been a crime, in the *Dovere* of the 2nd June; and all our facts have been repeatedly protested against. Our own case, nevertheless, is not affected by it. *We* are fighting for what is ours, for the unity of our own *Country* against a foreign occupier, and the question of aggression is irrelevant to me. Foreign occupation was a permanent aggression, and we ought to have reacted against it long ago.

"We have an immoral Government, but even that cannot cancel the sacredness of our Cause.

"I am rather better since a few days; but unsettled and nervous and restless as much as one can be. The volunteers, amongst whom are all my friends, are badly armed, ill-fed, neglected and ill-treated in every way by our Government; and they are fighting against almost impregnable positions, which might have been ours by surprise, had, as we suggested, local insurrection preceded the war. But they would not have it. The action of the people is feared by our monarchy.

"Do you receive the *Dovere?* Did you peruse there articles of mine on the war?

"I do not forget my promise. With friendly remembrances to Mr. King, I am, dear friend, ever faithfully yours, JOSEPH MAZZINI."

"You did not say one word about your health."

On October 31st, 1866, I went to London to the dentist; and from thence went on to visit Mazzini. This time I was alone. Everything was the same, the little room, the litter of books, the little birds flying about, the almost supernatural presence. I cannot recollect what we said; but our souls were, if possible, still more closely knit together. In going and coming, I remarked, as I had not done before in mid-winter, that the little grass-plot in front was bordered towards the road by a row of the common blue German Iris. It was not in flower at that season, but the leafage was there.

In December 1866 a fortunate and memorable event occurred to me. I made the acquaintance of Mrs. Emilie Ashurst Venturi, and on December 8th, she came on a visit to us which lasted till December 22nd. Mrs. Venturi was the youngest daughter of Mr. Ashurst, an eminent London solicitor. He had been the best friend of Mazzini in London, and his son and three daughters, though younger than Mazzini, had grown up to look on him as a brother. In fact he was almost one of the family, and among them he found whatever domestic solace his life allowed. The eldest daughter, Caroline, married Mr. J. Stansfeld, M.P., well known for his staunch defence of Mazzini in Parliament.

Emilie Ashurst Venturi was a very remarkable and gifted woman. She was more witty and delightful in conversation than any one I ever knew;

she was unboundedly generous and noble-hearted, true to the core, with all the courage of her conviction, not merely in word but in deed; the most faithful and devoted of Mazzini's friends, and with unusual talents of all kinds, in literature, in painting, and in artistic decoration. She was the translator of Mazzini's works, and it was in this way that my husband made her acquaintance. He was struck and fascinated by her conversation, and invited her to visit us at Chigwell, which she now consented to do. Madame Venturi had had a romantic history, which I need not here recount. She had been twice married; the second time to Carlo Venturi, an Italian patriot. She loved him passionately; but he had died suddenly. Her heart was not buried in his grave, for it remained warm and fresh; but all happiness was—henceforth she lived for others only. Yet there was nothing about her of the disconsolate widow; her grief was too deep for outward signs: she wore black always, but without any distinctive mark of mourning; and she was as bright, as gay, as witty, and as apparently without care, as it was possible to be. It took me many years to understand that her heart was really broken. From the first I found her the most charming companion I had ever met, and she soon became my most intimate friend—the only intimate woman friend I have ever had; and through years of trouble the truest, staunchest, most generous of friends, and most helpful both to me, my husband, and my children. Her visit was to me a time of rare delight: and the time was singularly propitious, for I was far

more alone than usual. My sister-in-law, who lived with us, was away on a visit, my step-children were mostly away, and we had but few visitors. On December 14th, I wrote to Mazzini, I think, to renew our invitation, and to mention Madame Venturi's presence as an inducement.

On 17th December 1866, I received the following note:—

"My dear Friend,—If my head does not get worse I shall come to you on Wednesday. At 12.10 I shall leave Fenchurch Street. I must be back next morning at an early hour. Love to Mrs. Venturi.—Ever yours,

"Jos. Mazzini."

On 19th December 1866, the long-expected visit took place, and it was indeed a red-letter day in my life. I need hardly say that with housewifely care I had prepared dainty meals for my more than royal guest, knowing that he was almost starved through the coarse and ill-cooked meals in his lodging; and that this preparation was a joy. He arrived at the Manor House before 1 p.m. and we had a long afternoon together. Madame Venturi made a third, but we were all of one heart and one mind. It would be impossible to relate all our conversation, nor can I remember it; Mazzini's domestic charm was uppermost in this home intercourse. I had my children to show him. My eldest, Violet, was now two and a half years old, and a singularly lovely child; in her he took a special interest and pleasure;

and I remember her sitting at the piano, thumping it with her little hands, and singing at the top of her voice a little baby's hymn. Violetta he called her, and seemed to take as much pleasure in all my family life as if it had been his own. Though it was December, we walked together on the garden terrace; but I could not by any means persuade him to smoke a cigar, though I knew it was to him an actual and constant necessity. It is impossible to describe the delicate, chivalrous gentleness and sweetness which made his very presence a delight. I remember that, being alone together in the library, I had occasion to light a candle with a paper spill, holding it close to the fire, which was very hot. Mazzini suddenly snatched it out of my hand and held it to the fire himself. "Oh!" I exclaimed in sudden anxiety, "you will burn your hand!" "What do *my* hands signify?" he passionately replied. Among other things, he told me that in his opinion the Slavonic race—Russian, Polish, Balkan—would be the coming dominant power in Europe, and that these younger people would regenerate the older. Whether this prophecy will ever be fulfilled, I cannot tell; it has not been yet. He urged upon me to learn the Slavonic language, in order that I might read the poets of Poland. It was of course impossible for me to undertake such a difficult task, having neither strength nor leisure; but I obtained a French prose translation of the poems of Mickiewitz, the author he had recommended. I did not, however, find it congenial, being too vague and high-flown, and I could not read much of it.

He confided to me one very curious circumstance. He told me that for many years he had been haunted by a singular nightmare. He dreamt that he saw advancing towards him three gigantic female figures, veiled, of a grey and misty substance. He had no idea what they were, nor what they represented; but the sight of them filled him with an unspeakable, unearthly terror; and at their approach he awoke shrieking, and in a state of nervous collapse. He could in no way account for the apparition, and he never knew when it would come upon him; but this was the principal reason for his unwillingness to pass a night away from home, as he always feared to be disturbed by the vision, and in his turn to disturb the house.

In the evening my husband returned, and we all dined and spent the evening together very happily. I think the conversation was principally on Italian and public affairs.

The year 1867 was much less propitious. With the exception of four months in the summer, I was very ill the whole time, and the first five months were a succession of really agonising illnesses, though the pressure of work and fatigue never relaxed. I did not see Mrs. Venturi once during the year.

I received this letter from Mazzini, with the postmark April 1st, 1867:—

"*April 1st*, 18 Fulham Road, S.W.

"Dear Mrs. King,—You have been so good as to

inquire about my health and hopes; and I feel very thankful and wishing to write a few words myself. I have been alternating between tolerable and bad health; but I am, since two weeks, better than I have been. I am mainly working about Rome. Should my aim be simply an emancipating movement, to get rid of the Papal Temporal authority, I think I might have reached it already; but my aim is different. A mere insurrectionary movement would lead to a plebiscite, which, addressed to every individual in the shape of 'Will you join Italy or not?' would produce annexation pure and simple, enthronement of monarchy without any term, and the falling of Rome to the condition of a province-town. I want Rome to be the Metropolis of the Nation, and I want her rising to give a new watch-word to Italy, to instil a new life in our People. The aim of *my* rising would be the advent of the Republic, but, all events and circumstances being against us, our programme would be insurrection and a Provisional Government treating with the Italian monarchy on the basis of 'Rome the Italian Metropolis, and a new National Compact through a Constituent Assembly.' Shall I succeed? I cannot say; I have to contend with plenty of difficulties. The way to overcome them at once would be a new 'Marsala Expedition,' a thousand Garibaldian volunteers landing on a point of the Roman territory, politically led by me, with a military leader of my choice. And this is the dream of my days and nights. I feel that it is the thing to be done; and I feel that my life, hitherto devoted to

the thought, ought—to be really useful to the Italian future education—to conclude with action. But some eight thousand pounds would be required for such an enterprise; therefore it is a dream I can never hope—unless divulging all my plots, which would mean impossibility of execution—to raise them in Italy. And I don't know of any Peabody in Europe, feeling that Liberty of Conscience proclaimed for all the world from the place where it has been cancelled for centuries, would be a greater improvement to mankind than millions of sterlings given for the purpose of alleviating a distress, which, owing to general causes left untouched, reproduces itself from year to year.

"And you? How are you now? I have been and am uneasy about your health; and that, since I saw you. I must try to see you again some day of the latter half of this April. I shall, most likely, have to come back with the latest evening train; still it will be something to have some four or five hours of quiet talking with you. I shall try to arrange this, and write again.

"Give my affectionate remembrance to Mr. King, and write, when you can, a few words concerning yourself and family.—Your friend,

"Joseph Mazzini."

This visit did not take place in April, for I was too ill, but on June 1st I received another note:—

"Dear Mrs. King,—I have a wish to come to you

on Wednesday next, June 5th. Is it a convenient day for you and Mr. King?

"If so I would try to reach Chigwell towards four o'clock, and would leave in time for any late train to London, at ten, eleven—any hour.

"I know nothing as yet about trains or hours; but if there is no objection to the day you will perhaps enlighten me a little. Any train leaving at three or after will do for me.—Ever faithfully yours,

"Joseph Mazzini.

"*May* 31, 18 Fulham Road, S.W."

This visit accordingly took place on June 5th, Mazzini coming in the afternoon and remaining till late. It was, however, very different from the former one. There was a heterogeneous party staying at the house:—my two sisters-in-law—both antagonistic, two of my stepsons, schoolboys—quite indifferent, a lady and gentleman with few ideas, and a cousin of my own, gentle and amiable, but quite unable to counterpoise the others. All, with the exception of my cousin, were loud and voluble talkers, so that Mazzini and I had little chance; and I had no private sitting-room to retire to except a little room inside my bedroom, to which I could not take him. The drawing-room was common to all. However, being summer, I was able to take him out in the garden for a while (though I could not prevail upon him to smoke), and also I was able to show him my children, in whom he took a tender interest. When my husband

came home to dinner, and afterwards in the evening, things were more agreeable; for he was always most warm and friendly to Mazzini, and he was able to dominate the conversation. Mazzini was delightful as usual, but naturally did not speak of his own plans in such a miscellaneous company, especially as he was then preparing for a secret and critical enterprise. I had to admire his perfect courtesy: not a word or a look betrayed annoyance at his uncongenial surrounding, nor at the thwarting of the object of his visit, which was to converse with me; he was gentle and amiable as ever, though without effusion.

I remember only one incident in particular. The previous year a photograph had been taken of myself, with my youngest child in my lap, I looking down on her, and holding her hand to steady her. This photograph had been coloured and framed, and I had given it as a birthday present to my husband, who was very much pleased with it. My father especially was enraptured by it, and pronounced it "perfect." This picture was now shown to Mazzini, with some pride, and his admiration was demanded. Mazzini attentively studied it, looked at it critically, and pronounced in a tone of dissatisfaction, "Yes, it is a pretty picture, but it is not Mrs. King. It has not her eyes."

The autumn of 1867 was a critical time for Mazzini. It was the time of Garibaldi's advance upon Rome, and of the battle of Mentana. Mazzini entirely dis-

approved of this expedition, as may be seen by his letter above, and declined to support it; but he was engaged in a more secret and more dangerous enterprise of his own toward Rome. No record of this enterprise has ever been published, nor, I think, preserved. All that I can tell of it is taken from letters written to me by Madame Venturi, of which I here give extracts. The first is dated 4th September 1867:—

"I have this moment received a welcome line from Switzerland, which I cannot help sending you. [From Mazzini.] I have been quite overwhelmed—by the deep shadow over all of the danger he was in. Send me back my little treasure. Now I cannot write more. There are so many to whom I must say, 'Safe so far.'"

I returned the little note, as desired, and cannot at this time remember its contents.

Her next letter is dated 16th September 1867:—

"Only to-day did I receive another dear little note, and I had grown so uneasy at the delay. . . . I fancied all sorts of dreadful reasons, but it was only that he was in a specially dangerous place from which posting a letter might destroy him. Thank God, he is now with good and devoted friends, and as safe as he can be out of England. His note is short and sad, feeling that Garibaldi's attempt (should it take place) on Rome will be a failure. . . . Yet Mazzini himself is longing for action, and, I think,

believing that if Garibaldi and he worked *together* they might make of it a truly National movement—divided, neither is strong enough. . . . He says, 'Moreover, 'even individually I long for action. I know that I shall 'not live long, and I hate the thought of dying in a bed 'of a lingering illness, *di peso ad altri, grave a me stesso.* 'All my life has been a preaching of unity between 'thought and action, and I would be useful to my 'own Italy after death if I bequeathed to the growing 'generation a visible symbol of that unity. But why 'on earth do I indulge in this idle talk? Fill me 'up with news of London, which after all—although 'my lungs feel very dusty in it—is dear to me. . . . 'Addio, write, write.'"

The next letter from Madame Venturi is not dated, but must have been written in October. "I hasten to send you a treasure." This was a letter given below. "In his few words to me he says, 'I only wish there were more *Kings* on earth. Whatever turn things may take, money is still the one thing wanted.'" This alludes to the circumstance that shortly before I had forwarded, in the joint names of my husband and myself, a contribution of twenty-five pounds.

The original of this letter is addressed "Mr. and Mrs. King," on a scrap of very thin paper, without envelope, and evidently enclosed with others from abroad. It bears no address.

"My dear Friends,—Thanks from heart for the

£25 offered to our national cause. Thanks for the loving thought which suggested it; thanks for your constant remembrance of me; thanks for all, and wishes and hopes for yourselves and all those who love you. I hope the sea air improves Mrs. K.'s health and strengthens the children.

"We are slowly going on. I cannot tell you what the positive result of the actual movement will be. Our monarchy is watching and decided to interfere and invade should the movement get stronger; then the provinces would remain to the Italian Government and they would leave Rome to the Pope and to us the task of beginning a new movement a little later. Through Monarchy or Republic we shall, however —you may depend on it—have Rome within a not far distant time. And meanwhile, let English friends never forget that whatever inch we conquer towards the end will be owing to our insurrectionary movements—not to any monarchical initiation.—Ever affectionate, JOSEPH MAZZINI.

"*October* 13*th*."

Madame Venturi's letter, dated 14th October, 1867, contains the following quotation from a letter of Mazzini to her:—

"You from afar cannot realise what this crisis is for us: the excitement, the anarchy, the dissolution of all that had been organised; the doubt about the moral necessity of helping or not helping; every committee asking for instructions, which one really

does not know how to frame. Garibaldi was, as you know, arrested the second time, and I was delighted;—kept at Caprera, and having said to the Italians, 'liberazione,' he would have been a *flag* for the agitation, without being able to mismanage; and I hastened to write accordingly. His escape, if true—changes everything again. On the 5th *his* men were to have acted in Rome, and he was so sure of it that his last proclamation of the 4th begins with the words, 'To-morrow Rome will have emancipated herself.' Nothing has happened there, and nothing—according to me—will happen there; still, who knows? You say, I must keep faith with you, not to be rash, &c. I believe that the future—as I understand it—of Italy is depending on her shaking off this wretched corrupted monarchy. I believe the thing to be possible; I am therefore bound to attempt it. I shall not live long, and I feel that I *must* try to leave Italy free from this shame which is now on her rising flag, and placed in the right groove. For this I have certain plans to propose to our men, which require this Garibaldian outbreak to be either successful or at an end. I may be detained more than I wished, but I think I shall not be. The crisis cannot go on indefinitely, and I hope within a week either to tell you there will be the long-predicted rising in Rome, or that I despair of it."

The battle of Mentana with the defeat of Garibaldi before Rome took place on one of the last days of

October. With that all Mazzini's hopes and plans came to an end, and he had once more to be disappointed of either success or martyrdom.

He retired to Lugano, where he fell ill of sorrow.

On December 10, 1867, Madame Venturi writes :—

"I had a very few lines from M. yesterday. He seems no better, and the lady in whose house he is staying assures us, however, that the doctors say he is in no danger, and that his extreme weakness and depression are his worst symptoms. I hope in God they are not mistaken, but I have had terrible cause to doubt physicians, and cannot but feel very uneasy."

As to Mazzini's movements this autumn I have no clue but such as is afforded by the foregoing letters. I infer from the allusions to his great danger, and the fact that his objective was Rome, that he was actually for some time in the Papal States. At this period he was under sentence of death both in the Italian Kingdom and the Papal States, and a price was set upon his head. In the kingdom of Italy he had nothing worse to fear than some detention and deportation; but in the Papal States it was very different. The Government would not have risked the public odium of his execution; but if he had been discovered he would have been cast into a prison where he would have perished miserably, and never been heard of again. In this instance, as in many others, Mazzini disproved the oft-repeated calumny that he exposed others to dangers which he

did not share himself. The overruling hand of Providence, and the faithful devotion of his adherents, preserved his life, of which he himself was careless.

Meanwhile, I was extremely ill all winter, and on April in the following year (1868) an eminent medical authority decided it was impossible that I could live longer than a year. But, under better medical care and treatment than I had hitherto had, I began slowly to revive, and in two months I was in a certain measure recovered. Nor did I ever again continue for any length of time in such excessive suffering and danger as I had lived in for the previous four-and-a-half years. I still continued to be really an invalid; but my most hopeless sufferings were over, and I had the feeling henceforward of greater confidence in alleviation, if not of cure.

But the life thus given back to me was not the same as the life that I had lost. From the mouth of the grave I came back a changed being. I had awakened to self-consciousness, to independent thought, and to realisation of myself.

Mazzini returned to England in the early part of 1868. But I heard nothing of him till Madame Venturi wrote to me at the end of April. She had herself been very ill, and obliged to be at the seaside and separated from Mazzini. She could only correspond with him, and on April 24th, she wrote from St. Leonards:—

"Dear M. writes me very sad little notes: in the last he speaks of weariness (a sense of loneliness). No

wonder. *Who* can be fitting companionship for genius? and disenchantment, as to Italy, growing upon him. He says he tries to keep himself up with the thought that perhaps he may at last 'unfurl the Republican flag, and like Cooper's Corsair die in unfurling it.' God help him! Of course, dear, this is only for your eye: I know you can understand that such an occasional and *most rare* audible sign, is no sign of weakening faith in such as he is. That he feels all he does, and is still so unshaken and full of energy, is the strongest proof of real faith."

Madame Venturi returned to London in May, and wrote, May 23rd :—

"I have nothing to say worth saying, save that I found dear Mazzini well (for him).

"Last night we were together at Mr. Peter Taylor's, and he again talked as only he can talk about Byron, and regretted that he never found time to write all he 'felt by instinct' about him."

On May 10th, Mazzini paid another visit to Chigwell, coming in the afternoon, and going back late. There was exactly the same party in the house as in the preceding year, except that my cousin was absent, and my third stepson was present. So there was no more privacy than before; but the presence of Madame Venturi made a greater harmony, and the entry in my Diary is "pleasant evening."

The year 1868 was a quiet one in Italian politics.

In October 1868 my husband dissolved his partnership with Smith, Elder & Co. By the articles of separation the houses of 65 Cornhill and 45 Pall Mall became his property. The office of 45 Pall Mall had several floors of living apartments above; and this became a matter of importance in my subsequent work for Mazzini.

Mazzini left England during the autumn, and took up his residence at Lugano, in the house of his devoted friends, the Nathan family.

In a letter written October 19, 1868, Madame Venturi asks me if I will undertake to make a translation of two articles written by Mazzini on George Sand and on Lamennais—for the edition of his works, then in progress. I undertook the task willingly, and thought it would be an easy one; to my surprise I found it very difficult. I found translation much more difficult than original composition, and these articles were exceptionally difficult, being a French translation from the original Italian, and not very well done. I worked away at them, however, perseveringly, and in time finished them. The one on George Sand was an early production, and erred, as usual, on the side of generosity; of Lamennais I know too little to say anything.

These were published in 1870 in Volume VI. of Mazzini's works.

Meanwhile Mazzini had fallen very ill at Lugano. In November Madame Venturi wrote describing his illness in detail. The following are extracts from her letter:—

"On Friday evening, when the long-desired doctor arrived, he said there was an undoubted improvement since the time when he left, ten days before. Dr. Bertani has an immense reputation, and he is certainly extremely clever; moreover, he is so despotic and absolute that he naturally *forces* obedience even from him. Garina [Mrs. Nathan] and I do all we can to flatter, caress, and please the doctor to keep him as long as we possibly can with us, but of course it is not an easy matter. However, we hope to have succeeded in persuading him to stay here till next Tuesday morning, for since he has been here the improvement continues, and the rebellion is subdued to indignant murmurings, which, whenever they break out in open revolt, are put down by the iron will of Bertani.

. . . . . .

"In the morning we all know what sort of night it has been by the first sight of this affectionate face, upon which M.'s pain or comparative relief are reflected as in a glass. There is no need to say *Come sta?* we read it without words in his look."

. . . . . .

"I am very glad I came, for though he is surrounded by love and care, I think he likes my being here, and finds a certain comfort in it—and yesterday he dictated a letter, which he said had been long weighing on his mind, and which I think he perhaps would not have sent had I not been here to write for him. At least I try to fancy I am of some little comfort, for of use I cannot be; Garina and her daughter are utterly

devoted to him, and he has a Milanese gentleman who sleeps in his room and waits upon him in all personal things."

On July 6, 1869, I received a letter from Mazzini, which is evidently an answer to one of mine:—

"DEAR FRIEND,—I am here again, I don't know for how long, tolerably well now, shaken however, and threatened. I shall certainly one day or other try to see you; but I cannot now; I am nailed here by a multiplicity of things which I must do.

"Your dear affectionate note was a real welcome. I had often inquired about you; but owing mainly to Emilie's absence from London and to the little contact you have with Caroline Stansfeld, my most faithful correspondent when I am abroad, I could very seldom attain the wished-for information.

"Now I know with true joy that you are comparatively better than when I left, and able to work. The cold is vanishing, and we *must* have soon or late a succession of sunny, warm, strengthening days.

"I don't know positively, but have a vague idea, that somebody had already undertaken to translate the *Parole ai Giovani*. I shall this evening inquire from Emilie—who is in London now—and let you know.

"I do believe—could you doubt it for one moment?—in Eternal Life. The belief is the very soul of all my political, social, and religious ideas. The earnestness

with which I have endeavoured to look at our own terrestrial phase of existence, and the feeling of duty which has accompanied me through it, have their root in that belief. The *task* is here, and the *end*, or rather the gradual approaching to it, cannot be won except by the task being fulfilled. Thence the importance of all the questions concerning our Earth, which is a step on the Jacob's Ladder leading to Heaven; a landmark on the journey-road through the Infinite. It is only by realising, or trying to do so (each according to our life-sphere and means) a fraction of God's Law and Kingdom here down, that we can hope to advance a further step towards the whole of it. Without *that* belief, I would have despaired and fled to suicide long ago.

"I hope that Violetta and all your children and husband are well. Remember me very kindly to Mr. King. Take care of yourself, and trust the loving feelings of your friend, JOSEPH MAZZINI.

"*July* 6, *Evening*,
"18 FULHAM ROAD, S.W."

This letter shows Mazzini with a religious ideal identical with Oriental and Indian religions, which then were really unknown in Europe. It explains many things in his teachings which may seem obscure, and which are not apprehended even now by most who profess to revere him. I did not understand their full meaning at that time, the ideas being quite unfamiliar to me.

On July 14th, I went to luncheon with Emilie Venturi, then living at 14 Milborne Grove, West Brompton, and afterwards went with her to visit Mazzini at 18 Fulham Road. Everything was as usual. He was unchanged, except that he looked older, and his hair more silvery; the little tame birds were fluttering round as usual; his presence was a sweetness and delight. I do not remember our conversation: we were three familiar friends, of one heart and one mind, and I think the talk was of little daily matters; for myself, I think I hardly spoke; I liked better to listen to him."

The following letter from Madame Venturi is dated October 17, 1869, showing that Mazzini was then abroad:—

"I fear dear M. is in great danger, or, if not at this moment, will be very soon. He scarcely writes now; only occasional hasty words to say he is tolerably well in health, which is all the comfort we can have in this anxious time. He seems to be working harder than ever. God grant that when the crisis comes, he may be saved. I dread to think of what is coming, because I know he is in it only from duty and not because he hopes success. I need not say all this is secret, dear."

Another letter follows, undated; but it is probably not earlier than the end of December, or possibly the beginning of January 1870:—

"Yes, indeed, at Genoa, where he is concealed, and

compelled to change the place of concealment every two or three nights:—the dear one suffers terribly from the cold, and from a return of his pains, and the bitter sense of being, as he says, 'here, like a thief, in my own land.'"

She proceeds to relate some household worries, and goes on:—

"But the subject reminds me of the deliciously inappropriate poetical language in which Mazzini described the bursting of a pipe in his house,—'a pipe, my dear, of whose being we knew not, until he *revealed himself* by bursting,' and he was indignant that, instead of bewailing his sorrows, we all shouted with laughter."

On 10th November 1869 was published my volume of poems, written before my marriage, between the age of eighteen and twenty-two. I had not had till now the leisure to collect them. The volume bore the title of *Aspromonte and other Poems*, though "Aspromonte" was written the last and not the first of them. The book was published by Macmillan, and contained several of my early poems on Italy, especially "The Execution of Felice Orsini." I do not think the poems are inferior to those I have published since; and especially "The Execution of Orsini," I consider the most remarkable poem I have ever written. The volume is now out of print, and very scarce.

The winter of 1869–70 was severe. Madame Venturi

came on a visit to Chigwell from January 11th to 22nd. We were not alone; all my husband's family, including his sister, were in the house, and there were constant visitors; but, thanks to my sitting-room, we could sometimes be together. I am here confronted with a difficulty in my mind: I have always had the impression that Mazzini came to Chigwell during this visit, and that the conversation recorded in the overture to *The Disciples* took place then, in Madame Venturi's presence and my sitting-room. But there is no mention of Mazzini in my Diary of this date, and according to the foregoing letter Mazzini might be in Genoa. The conversation itself I remember perfectly. It is given almost word for word in the overture. I said to him that I had always in my mind some day to write a poem in memory of his career, and I asked him what ideas he would wish me to express. He answered: "Do not try to express my ideas—express your own. I know your soul; it is good and true and pure; and it is not my words that you must speak, but the word that God gives to you." Madame Venturi was present, and remembered these words perfectly well, after his death, and after the publication of *The Disciples*. If they were not spoken then, they must have been as far back as December 1866, when only he and Madame Venturi were at Chigwell together, and it must have been in the library, which had the same aspect as my sitting-room. But what is strange to me is, that in 1866 I could have had no definite idea as to writing further poems; whereas in 1870 the idea had begun to

dawn upon me, though indistinctly. Madame Venturi knew more of Mazzini's movements than any one else. In her Memoir (page 158) she says: "In 1870 Mazzini felt it his duty to leave England for Sicily." This shows that he was in England in the early part of 1870; and therefore it is quite possible that my recollection is right, and that he may have been at Chigwell in January 1870.

In September 1870, Rome had been evacuated by the French soldiers, who for so many years had supported the Papal throne. The Italian monarchy had not yet taken possession. Here appeared the last chance of fulfilment of Mazzini's life-dream of restoring again the Roman Republic. He set sail from Genoa to Palermo in response to an invitation from the Republicans of Palermo, to head an insurrection there. His precise plans afterwards have never been published; perhaps they were never formed. On the voyage he was arrested at sea, by order of General Medici, Governor of Palermo, having been betrayed by a friend in whom he trusted. He was conveyed by sea to the impregnable fortress of Gaeta, and lodged in its highest tower. The object of this detention was to prevent his taking part in any rising in Rome before the Italian monarchy had been established there. He was treated with every respect and consideration; and his imprisonment was in itself rather a time of repose in his restless life. It was a dignified captivity; while any conflict which might have occurred would have been undignified and futile, and a rent in Italian Unity.

I have an extremely interesting account in Madame Venturi's own handwriting of some of these days, of Mazzini's plans, and his arrest:—

"His chief suffering was shame; he felt, and in private often said, that his countrymen were not what he had thought them. He had no hope left of seeing Rome because he had determined not to see her 'profaned by monarchy.' The Sicilians were constantly proposing to rise in revolution, and, separating themselves from the rest of Italy, declare Sicily a Republic. This his belief in Unity had caused him constantly to oppose. Had he sympathised and helped, it would probably have been done. It was in consequence of the known and turbulent disaffection of the Sicilians, and especially of Palermo, that General Medici was appointed Governor there. Medici had the qualities of a mastiff. While he served his country, he was absolutely faithful to her unto death. When he accepted a master instead of her, he transferred his fidelity as dogs do. He was the severest and the most hated as well as feared of the Governors Sicily has had. Every one knew he would massacre or be massacred rather than let the King's authority be overthrown. At last they sent word to Mazzini that they intended to rise at a certain time and make a separatist revolution—inviting him to put himself at their head; but saying, with or without *you*. He sent word that he would go on condition they rose in the name not of a Republican *Sicily*, but a Republican United Italy,

and all his letters spoke of the shame of allowing Venetia (the so-called Tyrol) to be enslaved, and Nice, &c. He did not believe success possible, and we felt that, without perhaps owning it to himself, he hoped to die in the battle. He sent a man Wolff to tell them he was coming, and this Judas, to whom he had been more than good—who had been so repeatedly denounced to him as a spy that he never entrusted *others'* affairs to him—betrayed him to Medici. He had never thoroughly trusted Wolff; but he believed him to be personally attached to him, and he often justified this belief by saying—'He has often had my life in his hands, he has known of my journeys when I was condemned to death, and has never betrayed me. So long as it concerns only myself, therefore, I may trust him.' The error here was twofold: he had not reflected that by giving him up to *death*, the spy would have gained a *sum* but lost an *income*, which, while he watched his movements to betray him, was secure. Moreover, bad as the Judas was, perhaps he shrank from causing his death! — he gave him up when, owing to the Amnesty, he could only be imprisoned."

Madame Venturi proceeds to give a very interesting account of her former friendship with Medici, and his promise to be of service to her if ever the occasion should arise; but this is not directly connected with Mazzini. (It will be remembered that in his youth Medici was the most valiant and heroic of all the defenders of Rome in 1849.)

Alarmed by the rumour of Mazzini's imprisonment, and of his illness, Madame Venturi proceeds: —

"I wrote, as nearly as I can remember (to Medici) that by the memory of the past he must answer me— First, where was M.?—Was he ill, as the papers said? Could I get to see him? He answered at once by telegraph: He is in the fortress of Gaeta, well, and well cared for. The Commandant has orders to admit you to him, and you only.

"It was just after Sedan; I think I started towards the middle of September. I had no sense, dear, that he would wish me to come—on the contrary, a great dread of being only scolded and blamed;—but the thought that carried me there was the thought that he would be ill, perhaps die, alone. God knows, I have often wished since that he had died in Gaeta; he would have been buried by the sea, the sacred corpse put reverently under God's earth." (This was written in 1872, after Mazzini's death.)

"I went by Mainz, Bingen, and Bâle, I think, to the Lago Maggiore, and so to Genoa. Strasburg still held out, I think. It was all one dream of loveliness and calm from Genoa to Naples—the sunset, before reaching, was the most glorious I ever remember; but I reached at dusk; and having sent on shore a letter to a friend of M.'s, as soon as we stopped, before the passengers landed, a youth came to me aboard, with a slip of paper addressed to me by my English name, merely saying I was to follow him—which I did—he silent and I silent—to where

two or three gentlemen sat outside a small café, which we passed—then one of them rose and followed us in a negligent way, not as if with interest, and after two or three streets he said 'Follow me,' and the youth touched his hat silently and vanished; then I walked on silently following this man, nor did he speak to me or I to him till we were up in his own room, then he said 'For what are you here?' I said 'What is your name?'—then, as it was night, I said where I was going, and that I must go on at once, by train, or carriage, or boat, whatever might be the quickest. Then he and his wife assured me I could not start till six, by train half-way, and then by diligence to Mola di Gaeta. They treated me as if I had descended from heaven; would not let me stir out, for fear of the police watching or preventing me, as I had no proof of any business or right to go; made up a bed in their only sitting-room; sat talking till nearly twelve, and then left me to try to sleep. But that I could not do. At five we started, he and I, and he took me through the silent streets to the station and left me, covering me with benedictions, poor man.

"It was a grey morning, and Vesuvius looked disgracefully commonplace, and sent up not even a breath of smoke: and as I went through the inferior parts of the city, the high white houses, straight and ugly in design, seemed terribly inferior to Genoa."

Here Madame Venturi's narrative breaks off. I received a letter from her, dated Gaeta, 29th September:—

"When you see where I write from, you will not wonder that my letter is hurried, and that the reports of our Angel's illness which appeared in all the London papers rendered it impossible to stay quietly at home. I wrote to General Medici asking if it were possible to get admitted to the fortress, and he telegraphed back that I should be allowed. The journey, owing to the same difficulties that you met, took twelve days, but I got here last Friday, was courteously received by the Commandant, and saw him the same night. He says it was rather a threatening of illness than real illness; *no one* has been allowed access to him, not even his medical man, but he is treated with every respect and attention, and two days before I reached they had allowed him pen and ink. Of course all letters, whether written to or by him, are read by the authorities, but if you like to write, address to his own name, Fortezza di Gaeta, Napoli. He says he shall use his pen and ink to write a long article on Byron—a copy of Byron has been his companion in prison; he has been studying him in the journals, letters, and works, as even he never studied him before; and he feels that he must not die without bearing witness to the true Byron. But writing tires him, and quickly brings on threatenings of the old pain. He does not look worse, perhaps even rather better, than when he left; but he is very weak. I think this is from never walking in the air. There is a terrace on which they allow him to walk, but it is on the very top of the highest tower (the tower in which he is confined), and that is on the highest part of the rock which stretches

far into the sea: and it is always therefore a prey to such high winds or such blinding sun that he cannot bear to walk there.

"He has two rooms, and can see both sea and sky from each, for the windows, thank God, have no grating; but the walls are of such immense thickness that one seems to see both sea and sky at the end of a narrow stone cave. I have been allowed to see him three times, but now they seem to think my permit exhausted; and they have written to the Minister of the Interior to know if it may continue longer. So, although my inn is right opposite the cruel fortress, I can enter it no more till the answer comes. Perhaps even not then. If the Roman plebiscite is *Si*—they say there will be an amnesty that will include Mazzini; but the disgust at the actual Government is so great (notwithstanding all the *official* and highly *paid for* rejoicings you hear of) that there seems a probability that even the Romans, though glad enough to get rid of the Temporal Power, may prove turbulent and unwilling subjects to the King. 'A la garde de Dieu" is all one can say. I scarcely know anything of what goes on, for I only get newspapers when they are many days old. If you can send *him* English newspapers and reviews, you will do him a real service. The Commandant says he may have them, and he has only his Byron and a Dante of which the print is too small. . . . Forgive the trouble. Please post these letters. I have been told to write less."

This letter is written on a very small and thin piece

of paper, in so minute a handwriting as to be almost illegible. Enclosed were several equally small notes to be posted.

The further permit was granted, and Madame Venturi was allowed access to him during the remainder of his imprisonment.

After two months, Mazzini was released, under a general amnesty, the danger of an insurrection having passed. He left Gaeta with Madame Venturi. The first part of the journey was by carriage; and she related to me an incident which occurred on the way. While driving on, they became aware of shouts and cries behind them, and, looking back, they perceived a carriage following them, filled with people shouting and making signals to them to stop. They waited till the carriage came up with them, when the occupants poured out in a body, bearing with them a very aged man. They explained tumultuously that they were a large family, that this was *Nouno*, the grandfather, and that Nouno could not die happy until he had seen and embraced Mazzini. The whole family crowded round Mazzini in indescribable excitement and rapture, exclaiming, adoring, embracing; and Nouno, tottering and dazed, embraced Mazzini again and again. The scene was at the same time touching and comic. Mazzini wished to avoid Rome, but he was obliged to repair to an hotel to wait for a train. He was forced to pass through some streets; but he closed his eyes that he might not see his Rome —the dream of his life—"profaned by monarchy." It

was to him a very painful ordeal. He proceeded to Leghorn, and thence to Genoa, where Madame Venturi left him.

While he was at Gaeta, I wrote to Mazzini; and I have the following letter from him from Lugano:—

"28.11.70.

"My dear Friend,—I received, only after having left Gaeta, your very dear letter. I did not answer it because my intention was to start a few days after for London, and to thank you *viva voce*. But then, there came an attack of my old complaint. I am better—still threatened, however, and it is very cold: snow has been incessantly falling on the Alps; and I cannot stir without running the danger of falling ill in some German hotel before reaching. Other causes, arising from the perennial waverings of the Italian Government about the Roman question, have been detaining me. It is, however, most probable that nine or ten days after this scrap, I shall be in London: if so, I shall see you, dear friend. This is only one word of grateful feeling and love, which I felt to-day—the first of sunshine after twenty or twenty-five—inclined to send to you.

"I shall remain in England only two or three weeks. I *must* be near Italy. I have decided to start a weekly paper in Rome in February, and it would be impossible to direct it from London. Besides . . . they may do what they like, but Italy shall not be at rest till under the Republic; my last days must be

devoted to that great aim, as my former ones have been to unity. We have now the frame of Italy; the soul of Italy is not there.

"Of all this we shall talk, I hope; and of my old 'austere, severe, sublime' and constant Alps, which have never crushed, but always elevated, purified, improved me, and which would, I feel sure, do so to you on a second visit. Remember me very kindly to Mr. King. Give a kiss to Violetta, and your youngest known and unknown children.—Ever your very affectionate JOSEPH MAZZINI."

On 18th November 1870, I heard from Madame Venturi:—

"I travelled the *first* day from Gaeta with Mazzini as far as Rome. It was—notwithstanding the joy of seeing him free—a very painful journey. Never shall I forget the expression of his face as the train drew in sight of St. Peter's—and indeed all along the Campagna. I could not have spoken to him for my life; but there was no need for words. He gave me one look with a smile, but such a smile, dear! God forgive these new Israelites who imprison their Deliverer as soon as they come in sight of the promised land. We did not, of course, go into the city, but stopped the few hours we had to wait at an hotel close to one of the gates; then I went to Bologna, to take some letters and papers for him, and he went on alone to Leghorn, to see the Nathan family. I saw him

twice again, at night, in the house of a working man at Genoa. He came there only to see his mother's grave, and went on immediately after to Lugano, where he now is. . . . Mazzini talks of spending a farewell month in England early in next year, and then departing with his books and papers to take up his residence in Switzerland. Is not this dreary for all of us, dear?"

On 2nd January 1871, she wrote:—

"One line in haste to say we have a telegram showing that he has crossed the mountain, so that the most dangerous part of the journey is over, and we may soon hope to see the beloved face amongst us."

On 5th February 1871, Madame Venturi wrote:—

"Mazzini told me to ask when you were coming to town—he says this is only the last visit in the sense that he breaks up his *residence* here and carries away his books, but that he hopes frequently to visit England again. During his first week here he was so ill (I think mostly from the cold and fatigue of the journey) that he could do nothing. During the next he shut himself up entirely, in order to write the programme of the new journal he is going to bring out in Rome on the 9th of February—I copying page by page, because, as it is certain to be seized by the Government, he is sending copies to all the large

towns, in the hope that one at least may escape sequestration. Are you not coming, dear?

"He says, can you not, since the fatigue and shaking of the journey has to be, hasten it a little, so that he may see you? He is so weak now, physically, that I do not think he could possibly manage the going to Chigwell and back in one day, even if he had time (which in this our last week seems impossible) because any extra fatigue brings a return of the pain and sickness for a time, during which he cannot talk for an hour or so.

"I think if you feel as if you could manage to be in London some day this next short week, you should write to him *direct*, at the old address (18 Fulham Road), and tell him which day and hour you will be within reach. He has spoken very often of his wish to see you, and I am sure it will be a great sorrow to him if it cannot be managed."

I had already, on February 4th, arrived at 45 Pall Mall, and this letter did not come back to me till February 7th. I had then already written to Mazzini proposing to come to see him, and on February 7th I received the following note from him, delivered by hand:—

"Dear Mrs. King,—I am leaving the day after to-morrow; but although overwhelmed with work, I shall do my best to call to-morrow for one hour, some time in the afternoon. People are continuously calling

on me, and I *might* be detained; in that case, and if you could, without endangering your health, call as you say, between eleven and four, it will be a real boon. —Ever yours affectionately JOSEPH MAZZINI.

"*Tuesday.*"

I went to his lodging, therefore, the next day about noon. I was received by his landlady, Mrs. France, who seemed overwhelmed with grief, as she might well be. On entering his little room, the first thing that struck my eyes was a slip of paper lying on the table, with the words "Mrs. King" written on it. Mazzini was there, himself, alone, the indescribable. It was a solemn hour of parting. I did not realise that it was the last; but I think he did. It is impossible to give an account of what passed, nor do I remember all. One thing I must record: he gazed at me long and earnestly with his tender, pathetic, searching eyes; and then he said, "You are a perpetual astonishment to me every time I see you. I will use no foolish flatteries, I will not say, you are young, you are beautiful: but *you are a child.* Each year that I see you, you grow younger than the last." Then after a pause he added, "Take this for a sign and a promise, that however long you live, you will never grow old."

For the rest, what was said in that solemn interview is too sacred to be repeated. Many things were made clear to me; and I keep its memory in my heart, to carry with me into the next world.

The next day Mazzini left England for ever.

Madame Venturi wrote again:—

"*July 8th.*

"Mazzini is in Italy, and I see no chance of his leaving. He never goes out except for the necessary changes of residence to put the police off the scent, and these changes are always made at midnight. The very few people whom he is obliged to see visit him in this way, at or after midnight, and of course at considerable risk to them, and still greater to him."

In August, I had another very severe and dangerous illness, and remained in a state of great prostration and suffering. It seemed to me impossible I could ever recover, and that all my life must be passed in helpless, hopeless suffering. Under this sense I wrote again to Mazzini; the ideas had begun to simmer in my mind which were afterwards expressed in "The Sermon in the Hospital."

"*Sept.* 25, 1871.

"My mind has been much exercised during many long painful days, between the faith I have learnt from you of glorifying God by hope and aspiration, and vigorous and dutiful service to God and Man—and the more purely *Christian* doctrine of passive submission to God's will if it be but in suffering; the faith that says, 'Not my will, but Thine be done!' and that is content to say, 'Work out Thy Will *in* me and *on* me, if not by me'; that says to God, 'Let me be nothing,

and do nothing, let me be destroyed utterly if it be Thy Will; but grant me to behold Thyself, to know that Thou art good, to love Thee even when most stern, to take pain joyfully from Thy hand, and to be at peace because Thou alone fulfillest Thyself for ever.' I have not found this peace, but I have sought and struggled for it with an anguish I cannot tell; and it seems to me as if that alone could satisfy me.

"But what has added to my distress has been the thought that in seeking this peace, this submission, I was separating myself from you, being somehow false to you: that you would call it a retrograde mission to be content with suffering while the world needed action; this thought has kept me back from speaking to you.

"All nature's protest and rebellion against suffering rises up within me; your voice seems ever sounding in my ears; 'Do not waste your life, do not encumber the earth'; yet God says to me inexorably, 'You shall not act, you *must* suffer'; and when it is suggested to me that God lays the suffering on me in love to my soul to draw it close to Him only, and away from its own works and will,—the one most painful doubt in my mind is—Must I resign my place as your friend, as your follower, if this lot be forced inevitably upon me? It is a relief to me to say this, and wait your answer."

I do not think Mazzini understood clearly the ideas which were simmering in my mind, and which took shape a year after, because they were not clear to myself. They were crude and untaught, only drawn

from my own limited experience, for I had never lived in a truly religious atmosphere. Moreover, I had not the least idea that in my martyrdom of motherhood, I was fulfilling the highest of actions both for God and for the world. It had never been honoured or acknowledged as such; and I looked upon it only as a passive suffering.

Mazzini's answer is dated October 31, 1871.

"LUGANO.

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—Your letter came to me very late. I had for a while left this place, and now I regret my being compelled to write more concisely than I wish. The Congress of the Working Men begins the day after to-morrow. I have delegates who are about to leave for Rome to see, and many other things to do. I want the Congress to draw a strong division line between our own Italian movement and the aim and method of the International Society. I hope I shall succeed: still, now especially that Garibaldi has chosen to side openly against me, there are many difficulties to be fronted.

"Once for all, whilst I live, every letter from you will be welcome; and if it was only a cry of anguish seeking for communion, I shall take it as a dear mark of true affection.

"Why do you establish simply an opposition between the Christian *resignation* and our *active* creed? Our faith starts from *action* as the duty and mission of life: it accepts *resignation* when every attempt towards

action, without our fault, and through overpowering causes, has failed; it accepts and sanctifies it; only resignation is for us an uncontrollable *fact*, not a theory, not a *teaching* towards our own individual salvation or progress; and whilst bowing towards God and submitting without despair or reaction to inertness for yourself, you will pray to avert, if possible, your fate from others, you will answer your children, if they ask you what the aim of life is, *action:* you will tell them or others approaching you that Life is a mission, a duty, and a battle for its fulfilment. We do not *destroy*, we come to *complete.*

"That Life is what we say, you cannot one moment doubt, if you earnestly think that Life is from God. God is Thought and Action; and power for Thought and Action is accordingly within ourselves; now, *power* is *duty*. Only God is *all*-powerful; Thought in Him is identical with Action: every Thought in Him is a Creation. It is not the same thing with us, imperfect beings as we are; we *attempt* when He *achieves;* we *wish* when we cannot attempt; and I write the word *wish* because wishing is action too. Surrounded as we are by an overwhelming atmosphere of materialism, we are too ready to think that we do nothing when we wish, and that when we cannot transform *realities* we are utterly powerless. We speak of the oneness of the Universe, and still forget what the power of even an unuttered fervent and sacred wish may be. But is not, in your faith as in mine, the last *wish* of the Martyr, the strong, silent, unheard belief of the

fettered prisoner, reaching God and weighing on the fate of Humanity? Is not true, deep Love—although a fruitless one in this world of ours—an *agent*, a power towards the next?

"I don't know whether I make myself, writing in a hurry, understood; but what I want to impress upon you is this: that there is no foundation for the opposition you draw in the *apparent* condition in which you and others may be. Action is always *possible*. Your organism may fail, and the manifestation, the visible results of your action, may be cancelled by the medium in which you live, and which you feel incapable of transforming. But is there not a kingdom of the soul? Is a thought, a fervent wish, arising in a pure soul, powerless on other souls, because it does not embody itself in a terrestrial reality? Is not the spiritual world existing? Will not everything we can achieve be achieved, when all souls will be pledged to a true good definition of life? Is your powerlessness to act taking from you this supreme duty of siding by the true definition? Where is, then, the necessity for you, because circumstances are forbidding your embodying here down, thoughts and wishes into deeds, to go back to another religious belief, the fault of which lies in an incomplete conception of Life, and in teaching man that Grace, Predestination, or any other intermediate agency will save you, without any regard to the social aim, to the Task you must *believe* in fulfilling *if* and as much as you can? Your question is therefore between two

definitions of Life. And in this I must leave you to your own heart's and mind's inspirations. I must only remark that your attempt at self-absorption in God is an impossibility, and will not cancel our own conception of Life, if true, as we believe it to be. Your choice cannot increase your powers. If the law of life is *progressive*, you cannot, through any self-abdication, reach God at once. In our own faith, you may be bound to realise, on earth, all that Humanity can realise of the Ideal, before reaching a superior stage of life, and becoming, as I shall say, to be more intelligible, the Angel. You may have to live again on earth under different circumstances; but you must reach step by step. The voluntary soul-suicide taught by Brahminism, Buddhism, and, in a transformed way, by Christianity, is a fruitless, vain attempt to deny time, space, and difficulties, which must, soon or late, be overcome through action of our own.

"I fear, dear friend, that you are bent too much on self-analysing, on thinking too much of your salvation. Let God think of it: your task is to act for the fulfilment of His Law, whenever and as much as you can; to pray and wish fervently for it whenever action is forbidden; and to trust Him without any terms. Actions, sufferings, victory, martyrdom, have been decreed and weighed by Him long before you seek for the formula which will best act on Him. Love Him in a simple, unexacting, unscrutinising way, as a child his mother, and remember that self-torturing has, in itself, an unconscious, hidden taint of egotism.

"But whatever religious ideal you are driven to, I know your mind, your heart, the purity of your aims and intentions; and, although I may regret your getting far, for a while, from what I believe to be the Truth, I shall always entertain for you the same esteem and affection.—Ever your friend,

"JOSEPH MAZZINI.

"You can write to me here until I give you another address.

"I am in tolerable health, not flourishing. The cold is intense here. I hope that I shall hear, through Emilie or yourself (as much laconically as you may be compelled to write) better accounts of your health.

"31.10.71.

"*To* MRS. HARRIET KING."

This was the last letter I received from Mazzini. It is striking and beautiful, and deserves to be read and pondered over, for it is not altogether easy. It is not really an answer to mine, for he missed the point of it, which may not be clear. But it is precise on three points: First, that there was no opposition betwen the two ideals I had proposed; secondly, the eternal power of prayer or even desire, the Christian doctrine, though expressed in a different terminology; thirdly, the explicit doctrine of re-birth and re-incarnation. This is very remarkable, as it was at that time entirely unknown in Europe, unless to a few initiates. The mere conception of it was so entirely unknown to

me that I failed to apprehend his meaning. It is a mystery whence he derived it. He was no student of Oriental Literature or religions—his life forbade such relations; nor were there, at that time, any popular expositions of them.

As for the political part of the letter, in the beginning the words are almost identical with the fragment quoted later, which must have been written in September, and by the sea-coast, probably at Leghorn.

Both passages demonstrate that in the last months of his life Mazzini was in conflict, not with the foreign oppressors who had been driven out, not with the Temporal Power of the Pope which had come to an end, not with the Italian Monarchy which was an accomplished fact;—but with the irreligion and Socialism of his so-called followers; and that he was taunted by them with "a recrudescence of religion," and as "a reactionary."

I have a fragment of a letter, copied in Madame Venturi's handwriting, and written either to her or to her sister, Mrs. Stansfeld. There is no date to this, nor to the letter enclosing it, but from internal evidence it must have been written towards the end of 1871, a few months before his death.

". . . at the sea. I could not, however, go near it, except by night. The place was crammed with bathers, many of whom were known to me. I am wandering like *une âme en peine.* I shall go now for a few days to Milan, then to Lugano. . . .

"Yes, dear, I love more than I thought, my poor dreamt-of Italy; my old vision of Savona;[1] worn out, and, clearly to me, unequal as I am now both physically and intellectually to the task, or to rule the movement, I *cannot* get rid of the thought. I want to see, before dying, another Italy, the ideal of my soul and life, starting up from her three hundred years' grave; *this* is only the phantom, the mockery, of Italy, and the thought haunts me like the incomplete man in *Frankenstein*, seeking a soul from his maker. It is the secret of all my doings. . . . I am bent now upon two things, conquering a large portion of the middle class to my own ideas, and saving our working classes from the *International* and other evil influences, by organising publicly the whole of the societies into one, with an independent separate programme. All the materialist young men (middle class) are separating themselves from me, and leading a frantic opposition to me in the smaller Republican press. Bakounin, whom you remember, is publishing periodical pamphlets, translated into Italian, denouncing me as having gone over to the European reactionary side; others, attributing what they call my 'recrudescence of religious feeling' to the fears arising in old age! I am, however, gaining ground with the middle class, visibly, and the bulk of the working class are keeping faithful to me. The Congress of Working Men's Societies will take place in Rome, I think, in

[1] In 1830 he was imprisoned in the fortress of Savona by the sea, and there thought out many of his original doctrines.

the middle of October; and then it will be seen whether they remain pledged to me or to these others. I have been chosen as delegate from the Genoese and other societies, but I shall refuse; they must decide freely, and far from any individual prestige acting on them—and I *cannot* go to Rome, parade in assemblies, and receive applause, until a republican flag floats over the Capitol. I shall declare this in the *Roma del Popolo*."

A change had taken place in myself during the last days of this year. I had recovered from my recent illness. My general health was not improved, and for many months I continued to suffer as acutely as ever; but my vital energy was deflected from its usual course, and rushed immediately into another channel of production, the original one—namely, poetry. All at once my poetical power returned to me, after nine years' abeyance—much stronger, matured, and more facile than before. The poems of *The Disciples* immediately took shape in my brain, and some of them began to clothe themselves in words. I had here and there accumulated scraps of material during the preceding years; but the foundation remained in the passages I had transcribed from Farini when only seventeen, and those from Garibaldi's Memoir in 1860.

I sent a letter, with proofs of my book, to Madame Venturi to forward, and they reached Pisa, but only on the day of Mazzini's death, and so he never saw them "here down," as he would have said.

For the end had come. The frail, worn-out, suffering body had found rest at last. Subsequent to the 6th of March Madame Venturi wrote to me, in an undated note, "I sent the letter and poems to the dear one, who is, I find, from a few feeble lines received to-day, very suffering still."

On 12th March 1872, the morning newspapers contained the announcement, like a thunderbolt:—

"Mazzini died in Pisa on March 10th."

His last illness was short and rapid, and no one knew how near the end was until he sank into unconsciousness. Giuseppe Mazzini died of pleurisy, on 10th March 1872, in his sixty-seventh year, at Pisa, in the house of Signor and Signora Roselli (*née* Nathan), Via Maddalena.

On the Saturday following, my husband and I received jointly this letter from Madame Venturi:—

"*Saturday.*

"DEAR FRIENDS BOTH,—I thank you both very much, very much for your letters. I wish I had anything to tell—all has been so strange and horrible that I am still quite stunned. First, the telegram of sudden illness arrived on Sunday, when, owing to our vile hypocrisy, there is no boat; then on Monday morning the telegram—dead. We knew that the Government got frightened of sending him to the inflammable city they have twice had to bombard, and compelled them

hurriedly to bury at once. Mrs. Nathan must, I think, be ill, and those who are with her too absorbed in their own sorrow, to think of us. I have, however, yet a hope that when at last he is laid, as he wished, by his mother, some of those he most loved may yet follow him to that grave. When my Angel died, Mazzini said to me, 'Now, dear, you must try to live, as I do, for barren duty,' but while there was his smile and his approval, of every little effort, the world could not be all barren. Now, God help me, his words are too true. You are quite right—the only help is faith in his creed. But don't you remember his own sweet words to the dead Ruffini—'Since thou hast made thyself an angel, I no longer feel worthy of thee, but *dammi oh dammi ch' io non desperi!*' This I keep repeating to myself, thinking of him. Help me, oh help me, that I do not despair.

"God bless you both.—Yours lovingly,

"EMILIE A. VENTURI."

PART III

RECOLLECTIONS OF MAZZINI SUBSEQUENT TO HIS DEATH

1872

THE news of Mazzini's death reached England on the morning of March 12th, without any previous intimation of his illness. It was a terrible shock to his friends in England, especially to the devoted family of Ashurst. It would seem there was some jealousy on the part of Madame Roselli, who, herself devoted to him, wished to keep him to herself; or possibly there was not time to send word, as the danger was not apparent till the last. The English family were extremely indignant with her, and still more with the funeral arrangements. With the permission of the Italian Government, a public State funeral, with a procession, took place at Genoa; there was a funeral car containing the coffin, and a following of eighty thousand people.

Mazzini had frequently expressed his earnest wish to be buried in his mother's grave in the cemetery of Genoa. He had himself bought a beautiful site, and erected a beautiful marble monument over his mother's grave. But his Italian friends over-ruled this desire, and, again with the Government's sanction, delivered

his body to a learned professor, to be embalmed by a new process which resulted in absolute petrifaction, quite imperishable. The process was long, and, according to some accounts, was not conducted with decent privacy. The feelings of his friends were deeply outraged. In the end, the body was laid in a granite sarcophagus, and enclosed in a granite mausoleum, in a conspicuous place in the cemetery, open to the public on certain days in the year, and to visitors on payment. But all communication ceased between his friends in Italy and those in England, and the latter never heard the particulars of his death.

As soon as Mazzini was dead and no longer to be feared, all attacks and calumnies ceased towards his memory. All the newspapers, even those most hostile to him, published articles of respectful eulogy: the grandeur of his character was everywhere recognised, and his place acknowledged among the greatest men of the century. A popular preacher of my own acquaintance, who had never spoken a word for him before, took occasion the next Sunday to display his own eloquence in a florid funeral oration. Tributes to his memory poured in from all sides, and from being a disgrace, it now became an honour to call oneself his friend. Nothing could be more contemptible than this complete reversal of fashionable opinion; but certainly all this posthumous flattery could make no difference to him, who had all his lifetime been the target of every slander and injustice, and whom the world had been too cowardly to defend. Yet his fame

has spread, and increased; and now, in a generation that never knew him, there are many passionate enthusiasts of his name.

He never received the letter and poems I had sent; for they arrived at Pisa on the day of his death. My own grief was deep and silent; though I immediately put on the deepest mourning, and wore it for a year. My sorrow was, however, lightened by the wave of poetic inspiration which had swelled up within me, and by the sense that I was at last really serving him and working for him. I was now putting into execution the work which I had vaguely planned in 1857, and for which I had all along been preparing and collecting materials, though these were but scanty owing to want of leisure and opportunities. The work now sprang full-grown from my brain. It seems to me, referring to my Diary, reinforced by my own recollections, inconceivable how I could have written anything at all, in the midst of domestic harass and disturbance past recounting, and in constant suffering, sometimes agony. All I can say is, it was an irresistible force; it hardly took up any time, the words flowed straight out of my mind, generally without after-correction.

In the writing of *The Disciples*, I laboured under great hindrances, and under great suffering and weakness, especially for the first half of the year; but on May 31st, I find the entry, "Writing poem on Ugo Bassi." How I did it, I do not know, but on June 29th I find, "Finished outline of poem on Ugo Bassi."

This outline I still keep in two MS. books. It contains many passages of the poem as it now stands, and the whole connected and made up with an outline of narrative. On June 30th, Sunday: "Henry read outline of 'Ugo Bassi.' My husband was much struck and impressed by it." It was indeed, in force and facility, a great advance upon my early poems, which he had been the first to recognise. On July 28th: "Gave Henry poem of 'Jacopo Ruffini' to read." I must have written this off with great rapidity, almost at once.

On August 3rd, "Wrote Prologue." This was the "Overture"; but I did not write the whole of it at one time.

On August 14th, I left home for Malvern, for a course of hydropathic treatment, and remained there till October 3rd. My husband was in Switzerland with his eldest son, my children were at the seaside, and the rest of the family were dispersed. I was quite alone with my maid. It was here, while in quiet and alone, that I wrote "The Sermon in the Hospital," which has had so great a circulation, and which still continues to attract so many readers. It had long been stirring in my brain, but I had been unable to give it form. Though inserted in the poem of "Ugo Bassi," I think there was never any pretence of its being other than an entirely original and separate work; and in fact it was written out of my own experience. At this time I had had more than eight years of intense and continual suffering, and had no

hope that I should ever be relieved from it. I sought for resignation to endure my lot, and in this sermon I preached to myself. It had been in reference to these thoughts, that I had addressed my letter to Mazzini the previous year. But it was the only part of *The Disciples* that gave me any real trouble; there was a subtle train of argument through it; and to hold the thread of this, to disentangle it and to draw it out, tasked my brain. Therefore I needed this season of solitude and retirement to accomplish it.

On 10th September my husband sent me a book, *Memorie di Ugo Bassi*, which he had found in Venice. This book was of great value to me, and in these Memoirs I found much that was new to me, which I afterwards incorporated into my poem.

On 2nd November I finished the "Overture," and on 4th November I finished "Jacopo Ruffini." On 14th November I finished "Nicotera," and on 22nd November I finished the sketch of "Emilie Venturi," never published. There now remained only the long poem of "Ugo Bassi" to be completed.

I began 1873 in better health, and I proceeded with the poem of "Ugo Bassi." Early in the year I wrote to Garibaldi, to ask if he could supply me with any personal recollections or details. Garibaldi replied in a letter, dated 4th February. It was a curious and an amiable letter, and full of impassioned feeling; but literary composition was not Garibaldi's strong point, and it did not add to my knowledge.

I subsequently wrote to Aurelio Saffi, who had long

been an exile in England, and who had been one of the Triumvirate with Mazzini during the siege of Rome, and always an unblemished patriot. He answered me in an interesting letter in English, dated Forlì, 21st June 1873.

This is an extract:—

"My personal relations with Bassi amounted to some occasional interviews with him during the days of the siege of Rome in '49. His aspect and countenance were handsome, meek, lighted up with an expression of loving-kindness, which was in accordance with the genuine devotion of his soul. The Christian and the patriotic element were singularly blended together in his mind, and inspired his whole life and actions. His days in Rome were passed either at the camp or in the hospitals among the wounded. Without fighting himself, he was constantly meeting all the dangers of the struggle in order to assist those who fell. He was indeed possessed of that spirit by which heroes and martyrs are formed."

Aurelio Saffi also most kindly sent me a very scarce and valuable tract, which he himself had procured with much difficulty, and which gave minute and accurate details of Garibaldi's landing near Comacchio, of Ugo Bassi's arrest, of Anita's death, and of Garibaldi's escape. It arrived, however, too late for me to make use of for the poem, which was already written.

I once more wrote to Garibaldi, telling him of the

subject of my poem, and begging him, if possible, to supply me with some recollections.

I received an answer, of which this is an extract:—

"Caprera, 22 *Giuglio*, 1873.

"Cara e gentilissima Signora,—Certo voi non potrete trovare un soggetto più nobile, più onesto, e più umanitario di quello d' Ugo Bassi. Egli era la bontà e l' eroismo personificato."

Which in English is:—

"Dear and most Amiable Lady,—Certainly you could not find a subject more noble, more pure, more humanitarian, than that of Ugo Bassi. He was goodness and heroism personified."

With this I was obliged to be content.

I, however, continued rapidly to revise the proofs. On November 21st, I received the first copy of *The Disciples*.

On December 1, 1873, *The Disciples* was published. I had thus at last fulfilled, after sixteen years, my desire and resolution of serving Mazzini. They had been years of perpetual hindrances and disappointments; but with a purpose steadfastly adhered to, and finally accomplished. The service had not been rendered in the way I first hoped and desired, but was far more valuable and permanent. This book has gone through innumerable editions, both in England and America. It is still continuing to be sold, though not in such quantities as formerly.

I feel that remarks, explanation, or criticism of my own poetry would be out of place. I would only say that, with one exception, the poems were obviously of the Past, and retrospective as to emotion. The one exception was the "Overture," which was simply written in the Present. Also, in all the first editions, which were larger and more expensive than the later ones, the cover was ornamented with the passion-flower, by my own device, though not my own drawing. The significance of this was apparent, since the poems were of martyrdom; but to my mind it had an inner meaning, and was the symbol of my own life. The book was also the outcome of that emancipation of soul, and realisation of self-consciousness, of which I have noted the beginning in 1868.

In 1876 I made my first and last visit to Italy, in company with my husband, my stepdaughter, and my eldest daughter, and a maid. We started at the end of April, and returned at the end of July, *via* the Simplon Pass. Then I enjoyed the brilliance and ineffable climate of the Italian summer. We travelled by easy stages to Genoa.

On May 12th, 1876, we arrived in Genoa. We had an introduction to Madame Celesia, a Genoese lady, a great friend of Madame Venturi, who had known Mazzini, and been a great friend of his mother. She showed us the most warm-hearted friendliness, and on May 15th she pointed out to us not only the house where Mazzini was born, but the one where he lived

subsequently, and in which his mother lived till her death. There is nothing remarkable about either. She also took us to the Campo Santo or Cemetery of Genoa. It is very large, and occupies a high hill at the back of the city. First we were taken to the tomb of Mazzini's mother. This occupies the most beautiful and picturesque spot in the cemetery, and was specially chosen by Mazzini. It is a kind of promontory jutting out from the hill, and overlooking the city and the sea. The monument erected by Mazzini is of the purest white marble, and bears a life-size recumbent image of his mother. It is a very noble and majestic face, the type of a Roman matron. At each corner of the monument a cypress tree was planted. These were already well-grown, and the branches of the four met overhead, forming an evergreen bower, and encompassing the tomb in a complete seclusion. This spot was designed by Mazzini to be his own last resting-place: but it was not to be. We afterwards visited his own sepulchre, which is still higher up the hill. It is hewn out of the rock, and in front has granite doors and pillars in imitation of an Egyptian or Etruscan tomb. We did not wish to go inside.

On May 16th we proceeded to Pisa. On the next day we went to the house of Madame Roselli, where Mazzini had died. It was situated in an entirely new and modern quarter of the city. We had no introduction; for, as I have said, all intercourse had been broken off between his English and Italian friends from the moment of his death. Having given our

card, and said that we were friends of Mazzini, we were shown into a small and very ugly room on the ground floor. We waited some time before Madame Roselli appeared; and when she did come, she seemed embarrassed, as if not knowing whether we were friends or enemies. As soon, however, as she saw that we had no unkindly feeling, she received us with effusive warmth, and offered to show us Mazzini's apartments. The house grew lighter and more airy and spacious as we ascended, as Italians do not live on the ground floor. She said that no English person had ever visited the house before, since Mazzini's death, and seemed very pleased to see us. The rooms given up to Mazzini comprised the whole of the second floor; there were only two with a passage between, but they were light, airy, lofty, and fairly spacious. She said everything had remained exactly as he had left it, and nothing had been touched except by her own hands. We went first into the sitting-room. It was whitewashed, and, according to the Italian fashion, somewhat bare, with a parquet floor, but pleasant and comfortable. There was a large table, a writing-table, a wooden chair with arms, some other chairs, and several bookcases filled with books.

Mazzini had brought and left here the whole of his books. Running my eyes over them I recognised my own volume *Aspromonte*, which I had given him. I begged Madame Roselli to allow me to take it away as a souvenir; and she consented. I have it now with the inscription I had written in it.

She then took us into the bedroom opposite, in which he had died. This also was a light, airy, white apartment, with dark-green Venetian blinds. It was furnished with the same simplicity, yet with comfort. It had been left exactly as it was when he died; and it was touching to see the poverty of his toilet apparatus, and well-worn garments. There was also a table in the middle of the room, covered with letters and papers. Among these I recognised the proof-sheet of "Agesilao Milano," which had reached him from me on the day of his death. I asked permission to reclaim this, and it was given; I have always kept it. I did not see the letter I had sent at the same time. Madame Roselli was much affected while pointing out these memorials, and wept much. This second floor appeared to be the most agreeable in the house, which was not large; and it speaks much for the devotion of the Rosellis, that they had not only given it up to Mazzini's use, but also given it up to his memory.

My husband and two daughters were with me on this visit; but the next morning I visited Madame Roselli *alone;* and she related to me the particulars of Mazzini's death. He came to Pisa in the beginning of the year, with the intention of making his permanent home there. His presence was not sanctioned by the Government; but he was not interfered with. His health was always delicate; and a delicacy of the lungs showed itself, for which the mild climate of Pisa was formerly thought a specific. In March he became worse, and more feeble; but still no danger

was apprehended. About three days before his death, pneumonia declared itself, with all its dangerous symptoms. He was mostly either unconscious or delirious. Still, they did not seem to think that he was dying. On the last day, he suddenly appeared to enter into some tremendous conflict with an invisible enemy. There seemed a terrible struggle against a mortal foe, with incoherent and broken words of agony. All at once, he sat up strongly in bed, and in a loud voice cried out, "Si! Si! Credo in Dio!" and with these words, fell back and expired.

This account I had from the lips of Madame Roselli, his sole nurse and attendant, in the very room where he died. I was the first who had visited it, and this is the first account that has been published.

On June 6th, we left Florence at 7 P.M., and, travelling all night, arrived at Milan at 6 A.M. All my fellow-travellers slept undisturbed through the night; but I, as usual, never closed my eyes; and it is to night journeys that I owe some of the most vivid and enduring impressions of my life. Precisely at midnight we arrived in Bologna. It was full moon; and all the way the country was lit up as clear as by day. Just before we entered the station at Bologna, a vision appeared on the right hand. A Mount stood strongly out, beyond the city, crowned with long porticoes and spacious edifices. I knew it at once for the Mount of Guard, and the Church of the Virgin of St. Luke: and at its foot was the place of execution of Ugo Bassi. In the brilliant moonlight it flashed out like a dazzling

monument of white marble. It was gone in another instant, and the train entered the long and apparently interminable station of Bologna, where it stood still for some time. When we emerged from the station, there was nothing more to be seen; everything was in darkness: but the momentary scene is indelibly imprinted on my memory.

Shortly after the publication of *The Disciples*, Madame Venturi reproached me to this effect: "You have written a book ostensibly in praise of Mazzini, and to show forth his doctrines; and instead of representing his ideas, you have written *an entirely Christian book*." I then reminded her of almost my last conversation with Mazzini, at which she had been present, at which he had most earnestly charged me never to write his ideas, but only my own. She recollected the incident, and was silenced. I have alluded to this conversation, and reproduced almost his very words, in pages 4, 5, and 6 of *The Disciples*.

Madame Venturi did not profess to be a Christian. She used to say, "When I am asked what is my religion, I answer that I am a Mazzinian." But nothing would have more distressed and shocked Mazzini than to be regarded as the founder of a religious sect. He was very averse to being called "Master," and used to say, "I am no one's Master. God alone is the Master." Although he had ceased to practise the Catholic forms, being early embittered and alienated by the persecutions of Catholic priests and the Papal Government,

yet he always retained a great respect for the Catholic religion; and his mother, who was ever his dearest and nearest, lived and died a devout Catholic. He often used to say that the Catholic religion was the only true Christianity, and that all others were but sects and schismatics. During his Dictatorship at Rome, he was conspicuous by his protection of both the priests and the churches in opposition to the mob, who, on several occasions, attacked them.

I now come to the most difficult part of my task, and one from which I really shrink—that of recording my general impressions of Mazzini's person and character. The theme is too great. In *The Disciples*, I expressly disclaimed it. All those who most loved, and who, subsequently, have most reverenced him, have acknowledged themselves unequal to the task. Nevertheless I must attempt it.

Personal Appearance of Mazzini

Mazzini's personal appearance has been often described. It was striking and peculiar. When I first saw him in 1864 (January), he was 58 years old. His appearance altered little from that time to February 1871, when I took leave of him, thirteen months before his death. Mazzini was of the middle height, but appeared taller, because of his slenderness and noble carriage; his features were regular and beautiful; his face a fine oval, his complexion a very clear olive; his hair had been extremely dark, but when I knew

him it was mixed with grey, though it never became white; it was always abundant, though he had a very high forehead, so that it did not grow low down or at his temples. His eyes were the most remarkable feature of his face. They were extremely large, luminous, of a velvet darkness, and full of fire and passion; every emotion was expressed in them; but their habitual expression was that of a grave, tender, brooding melancholy. In conversation his face was most animated; it was mobile and full of expression, from the most humorous to the most profound, passionate, and fiery; but always noble, always conveying the impression of a soul above the common level of humanity. He had a delicate moustache and beard.

Mazzini's dress also was peculiar to himself. Early in life he determined to wear mourning for his country, and throughout his life he wore nothing but black. He wore always a black velvet waistcoat, buttoned high up to the throat, and leaving no shirt-front visible, and round his throat a black satin stock or scarf instead of a collar. Although this costume was singular, it was not at all eccentric; on the contrary, it was becoming and suitable, and seemed a part of himself. Indeed it seemed like the habit of a priest, inseparable from his calling; and there was, in his whole appearance and manner, the dignity and sanctity of an Apostle. Madame Venturi used to say that Mazzini was the first prophet of the New Christianity: I used to answer, "No; he is not the first, he is the last of the saints." I knew very little or nothing of

the saints at that time; but my intuition was not wrong. Mazzini was before all things a saint, with his mingling of asceticism, mildness, and power. He never knew nor tasted happiness. In early youth he felt that his devotion to his country demanded the sacrifice of all his hopes, his dreams, his home, and his natural tastes and inclinations; he made the entire sacrifice of himself, and maintained it to the end.

Had I to reply to what were the personal characteristics which struck me most in Mazzini, I should say: first, his gentleness; second, his domesticity; third, his childlikeness.

Mazzini's Gentleness

The gentleness of Mazzini was the greatest I have ever known; and it had this peculiar charm, that it was not acquired, nor the result of self-control, but was entirely natural and part of himself. To any one who knew him, the popular idea of the sanguinary conspirator, the dark assassin, was simply absurd. He was the gentlest of human creatures, and the kindest. The little birds, that flew about his room, nestled on his shoulder, and fed from his hand, were one proof of this, shut out as he was from the comfort of human relations. His love and tenderness to children were also touching and wonderful. He could be bitterly indignant against wrong, oppression, and cruelty; but his indignation itself, though fiery, had never anything violent or cruel. He *could* not

be other than gentle in every action, word, and tone. In all his gentleness there was a deep note of melancholy; and this was not merely for the sorrows of his country and of humanity, and for his own deceptions and disappointments; for those who knew him, there might be perceived a perpetual mourning for those lives which had been sacrificed in following him, and whose martyrdom was a perpetual weight upon his heart.

Jacopo Ruffini, the brothers Bandiera, Ugo Bassi, and many more, were his most cherished friends and disciples, and he had led them to early and painful death. I never heard him speak of these (though he gave me his own memoir of the Bandiera), but it was impossible not to feel that the thought of them was ever present with him. He sacrificed their lives as he would have sacrificed his own; but it was a far profounder anguish. It was often objected to him by malevolent and ignorant critics, that he sacrificed others, and spared himself. Nothing could be more unjust. He constantly exposed himself to every peril, crossing and recrossing Europe, and frequently visiting Italy, when there was an immense price set upon his head in every country on the Continent. It is true that he escaped capture; but *how*, remains a mystery. Perhaps there was a special Providence over him; but considering his unique and well-known appearance, and his horror of any disguise, the circumstance is strange. I have sometimes thought that he was intentionally allowed to pass by

the respective Governments; that they contented themselves with watching his movements; but did not venture on the odium of arresting him. It would have placed them in an awkward situation; for he was under sentence of death; and to have executed it would have been an international scandal; while perpetual imprisonment would have been little less.

Mazzini's Domesticity

He was the most domestic man I ever knew. His love, his longing, his clinging to home and family, were beyond all others, and yet it was these precisely which he had denied himself for life. It is impossible to estimate what this sacrifice was to him. Never was there a being more formed for the bosom of a family, or who would have made a home happier. Outcast and forlorn as he was, he attached himself with touching affection and devotion to the home and family of his friends. To all the Ashurst family, who had been his best friends, he was as a brother; their joys and sorrows were his own, and every little incident of their lives was reflected in his heart. His extreme love of children was very marked. In that family there was hardly a child, but my own many little ones were very dear to him. Especially my first-born child, whom he always called "your little angel." His usual mode of addressing his friends of the Ashurst family was "My dear." I was not sufficiently familiar with him for this mode of address; and besides, there was the bar of my marriage; but in all my conversations with him, the

subject of our discourse was not politics, nor patriotism, nor conspiracy, but simply my home, my health, my children, and every little detail of my daily life. These were his unfailing interest, these were the crumbs of satisfaction of his inner nature. A great happiness was missed in him, happiness not only for himself, but for another; but it would have been happiness too great for this world.

Childlikeness of Mazzini

This is difficult to describe, and impossible to convey any idea of. But through all the storm and sorrow of his life there shone a divine light of childhood. Anguish, care, and labour could not dim the essential simplicity, innocence, gaiety, and charm of nature, that made his the radiant presence of a child. Joy was his element, and he carried joy; although he himself was a martyr, suffering in body, heart, and soul. But this is a thing evanescent as a sunrise, existing only in the present, and impossible even to recall. Mazzini spoke and wrote English as fluently and habitually as an Englishman; but he had little quaint turns of speech, and delicate tricks of gesture which cannot be recollected or reproduced, but which gave to his habitual speech the *naïveté* of a little child. I remember once his saying to Madame Venturi, *à propos* of a chimney on fire, "And then, my dear, there came to pass a sweep!"

But these trifles, delightful in themselves, were unthought of and beyond ingathering. All things

sweet, and pure and lovely, were, as it were, native to him.

A characteristic of Mazzini's, which was indeed the keynote of his life, was his utter generosity, self-denial, and self-sacrifice. This, in fine, *was* his life; it was no other. His life was one whole and perfect sacrifice, and it is almost superfluous to recount the small things which came within my own cognisance. I am not writing Mazzini's life, but to those who are acquainted with it, it is common knowledge that he very early sacrificed all hopes, home, love, and prospects of wealth and honour, for his country. His first years of exile were those of great privation, almost destitution, resulting in the permanent injury of his fragile constitution. When he first came to England, his life was passed in the utmost penury, not because he was without means, but because he shared everything with as many as possible of his fellow-exiles, poorer than himself, some of whom rewarded him by ingratitude, desertion, and calumny. His mother allowed him £200 a year—all she could possibly spare; and in those days, and with his habits, this would have been riches; she also supplied him with clothes, but cautiously, knowing that he would give them away, if possible. But he continued to share everything with others. During the years I knew him in London, from 1862 to 1871, he lived in one place only, on the drawing-room floor of the little house in Fulham Road, which I have described. His mother had left him the annuity of

£200 secured in such a manner that it was paid quarterly, and he could not give it away nor forestall it. The lodging was poor and small, but there was no ostentation of poverty or bareness. His worst days indeed were past.

In his presence, one could hardly think of material things: wherever he was there was a palace. There was the small two-windowed sitting-room, and at the back, the smaller bedroom, which I never saw. His self-denial had been more than ascetic: for most ascetics gain health and longevity: but his health had been irreparably destroyed by his self-denials. Many years of semi-starvation, acting upon a very delicate constitution, had so impaired his digestion, that he could only eat very delicate food, and that was the last thing possible under his circumstances.

His landlady was very devoted to him in her way, (as was every one who came in contact with him), and she was very proud of having him for a lodger; but she was quite alive to the advantage of being his landlady, and her devotion did not extend to the point of learning to cook properly. His meals were so ill-prepared, that it was impossible for him, in his weakened state, to eat them, and yet, so careful was he not to hurt her feelings, that he resorted to all sorts of expedients to get rid of them, and give them away secretly. His friends were most anxious to provide him with delicacies, or to induce him to share their meals, but he usually refused; and at the time I knew him, his derangement had gone so far that he

was for the most part unable to take any food at all, however good. He lived in a perpetual fast. To supply the want of food, he had recourse to his one luxury, which was indeed a necessity—the smoking of cigars. These too were but cheap, unless they were given to him; and, as I remember the odour which pervaded his room, they were mild; but I never once saw him smoking, though he could not live without it.

Everything that it was possible to give away, he gave; but it must be remembered that, besides his private charities, he financed the whole Republican movement in Italy, and supplied the funds for every private and public expedition. This, of course, was only possible through the contributions of his friends and followers. Some of these, who were rich, gave large sums, and, on the whole, a great deal of money must have passed through his hands; but this supply was, of course, variable and uncertain, and always insufficient. His propaganda and his projects were always hindered by want of funds. It must be remembered that in his most desolate days in London, he, with a few friends, had founded a school and a Society to protect the poor little Italian boys who were at that time sold to foreign masters, principally to sell plaster images and to grind organs. They were generally ill-treated and miserable, and quite unprotected. Mazzini improved their whole condition, opened a school for them, where he taught them himself, and gave them treats and pleasures. It is astonishing and incom-

prehensible how he found the means, the time, and the strength to do all that he accomplished.

As to Mazzini's personal courage, nothing needs to be said. It was proved to the utmost a hundred times over, on the battlefield, in the siege, in the encompassing perils of his secret expeditions. No one ever doubted its loftiness. I remember in this connection, an anecdote which he once related to me himself, of one of his voyages to Italy. He was on board a merchant ship with a friendly captain. At that time there was a price upon his head, and, his presence on the ship being suspected, officers arrived to search it. The captain, seeing them coming, hustled Mazzini by force into a concealed cupboard, stored with apples, while the detectives were on board. Mazzini was deeply indignant and offended. "To be found hiding in a cupboard with apples!" he exclaimed, still indignant at the recollection. "I kicked at the door, I tried to make myself heard; but the captain had locked me in so securely, it was no use. And the cupboard was so low that I could not stand upright in it. Apples!" he repeated; "if I had been discovered crouching in a cupboard with apples, I should have died of shame!"

Again, a striking trait of Mazzini's was his humility, true and unfeigned. This does not mean that he was ignorant of his special gifts, which would have been foolishness; neither was he in the least inclined to doubt his own special mission and the truth of his fervid apostolate. To do otherwise would have been

for him despair. But, personally, he was the most humble of men. He sought no distinctions, rather avoided them; in spite of grave differences of opinion and sentiment, he always put Garibaldi forward rather than himself, gave him the credit of much of his own work, and did much by suggestion to make Garibaldi the popular and national hero instead of himself, though he himself had always been the heart and the head behind Garibaldi. He very much disliked being styled "Master," as he was, by many of his followers. He always said that God was the only Master, and that each one should obey the voice of God alone. He honestly believed that almost every one was the equal or superior to himself; and it was this belief which led to so much of the disappointment of his life. He could not understand—not to the last—how far above the rest of the world he stood; and he expected more from human nature than it could ordinarily perform. He was an ideal of humanity, to which others have not yet arrived, and it was a perpetual shock and disillusion to him to find how far they lagged behind. Towards some, I think, his eyes were never opened, and I am glad to believe that I was one of these.

An instance of his true humility is found in his attitude to Pius IX. shortly after his accession. Sharing in the hopes of all Italy on his account, Mazzini wrote him a long letter, full of the utmost reverence and loyalty, entreating him to become the sovereign and protector of United Italy, renouncing in his behalf all

pretensions to leadership, and promising the utmost fidelity and obedience to him as the champion of Italy. Pius IX. took no notice of this letter. The whole course of Italian history might have been different, if he would have co-operated with Mazzini, and the Catholic Church had been reconciled with Italian Freedom and Unity; but Providence had otherwise ordained.

Any sketch of Mazzini's character would be incomplete without some allusion to his extraordinary purity. This is a characteristic generally taken for granted in virtuous persons, and to insist on it, or to be self-conscious of it, is merely unpleasant. But in him it was something more transcendent; a sort of living flame surrounding him, which could not help striking every one in his presence. I have never met any man or woman who so embodied the idea of perfect purity. And this was not the mere innocence of a child, nor a mere virtue, but a grace of nature, a celestial atmosphere, at one with the lily of the valley, the moon, the colours of sunset. Even his worst enemies recognised this attribute with awe and reverence. But it cannot be described, and to dwell upon it would be to tarnish it.

Mazzini's Religion

Again—Mazzini's religion—this was his very life. Faith of God was his creed in life, his support and strength, and it was his last dying testimony. He had gone through in youth a terrible crisis of desolation and dereliction of faith almost to despair, as happens

to almost all the highest souls; but out of it he emerged firm and fortified. He had laid aside the formulas of any creed, and walked alone with God in a region above them. It may be a matter of regret that he was not a practising Catholic, but if he had been, he would have been fettered, and could not have preached so freely the universal brotherhood of Humanity. "God and the People" was his watchword; and his code of morals was of the strictest, and allowed of no defalcation. The duties, rather than the rights, of man was his constant teaching. The family, the state, the country, humanity, God—these formed his ascending scale.

He had an especial reverence for women, and invariably defended the Rights of Women. He used to say it was useless for men to talk of freedom while half the human race was enslaved. But I do not think that his idea of the Rights of Women included their taking an active part in public politics. He had a passionate veneration for motherhood.

As to his religion, he had a fervent devotion to the person of Jesus Christ, without, however, I believe, recognising the Incarnation; and a particular attachment to the Apostle St. John and his writings. Some criticism having arisen as to the Fourth Gospel, and doubts as to St. John being its author, Mazzini remarked, "Well, whoever wrote the Gospel of St. John *was* St. John."

Speaking of religion, there is a very remarkable pronouncement of Mazzini's, which has never been

published, but which ought to be recorded. Like other Italians, Mazzini had the most intense admiration for Dante; and though the fact is mentioned in his biographies, it is not generally known that the standard edition of Dante, which bears the name of Ugo Foscolo, was in great part the work of Mazzini. There is a line in Dante's *Inferno*, Canto III., 59–60, which has puzzled every commentator. The poet is describing those cowardly and hesitating souls who are unworthy of notice. Amongst them he meets—"Colui che fece per viltate il gran rifiuto," "who made through cowardice the great refusal." In default of any other solution, most commentators have fixed upon Pope Celestine V. as the object of this scathing censure. He was a contemporary of Dante's, and a hermit of the greatest simplicity and sanctity of life. Being elected Pope in those troublous times, he most reluctantly accepted the office from a sense of duty, but after a few months, finding himself wholly unfit for the duties of the position, and also worked upon by pretended miracles, he abdicated. Such a proceeding is without any other example either before or since; but he was so far from being censured by the Church, that he was canonised under the name of St. Peter Celestine in 1313; and his feast occurs in the calendar on May 19th. He was succeeded by Pope Boniface VIII.; who, afraid that he might seek to regain his dignity, imprisoned him in the fortress of Fumone, where he suffered many insults and hardships, which he bore with uncomplaining patience and humility, and where he died May 19, 1296, aged

seventy-five. The feuds and factions which desolated Italy in these days caused the most passionate animosities: Dante himself is a striking example of this; and he has peopled Hell with his own personal and political enemies. But it is difficult to find a reason why he should relegate this meek, holy, and inoffensive hermit to the Infernal Regions. One commentator has suggested that it was because his retirement led to the accession of Boniface VIII., who was Dante's declared aversion; but this appears to be far-fetched.

But once when the mysterious allusion was being discussed among friends, Mazzini exclaimed, "*Il gran rifiuto!* Why, of course this refers to *Pontius Pilate.* Whom else could it mean? There is but one man in history to whom these words could apply."

The Man Mazzini

To sum up,—Mazzini the Man and the Personality belonged to his own generation, and to those who had the privilege of knowing him. This is of the Past. But a man's *work* survives him.

And what was Mazzini's work? First, Mazzini was a magnificent dreamer, who accomplished his own dream.

All his life he dreamed of Rome and the Republic. Nothing could be more fatuous and impossible to ordinary minds. Nevertheless, the dream was fulfilled, and at an early period. The Roman Republic of 1849 remains the most glorious, the most spotless page of

history in the Nineteenth Century; and it came to pass almost without Mazzini's own intervention. The stars in their courses fought for him, and placed him at its head, the soul of Italy. The history of this time has been lately told fully, in a manner that cannot be excelled. It was short-lived, as it could not but be in a world that had seen no such example before; but its memory and its record remain, imperishably bright. It is true that Mazzini, to the last, mourned the extinction of this Star, and ever hoped and worked to revive it. It is, I think, the common illusion of the greatest and most poetic minds, not to perceive what they have actually accomplished, and continually to aspire to a future which already reposes in the past. A longer period, or a more fixed institution, would have contained in itself the elements of decay; as it was, it vanished in a blaze of glory, perfect and unmatched.

But Mazzini had another vision, greater and wider than Rome. This was the Independence and Unity of Italy; and this too he accomplished. It was in face of the whole world's mockery. Italy was a "name"—a "geographical expression." This was the favourite saying of all the statesmen of the day, up to the long-delayed realisation of the idea, in Mazzini's last days. But to this idea he devoted his whole life, and he carried it through. At first, only with the aid of few and devoted followers, martyrs and pioneers; without material force or assistance, only sowing seed in the soul of the nation, the soul of Europe. By degrees, in course of years, this seed sprang up every-

where, and then many came in to carry on and complete the work. Statesmen, kings, generals, emperors, each worked on their own lines, and with a view to their own interests or ideas. Their ideas were not the ideas of Mazzini; the edifice they finally reared was not the palace of his dream, and it was a bitter disappointment to him; nevertheless his work was done,—"*Italia Una, Italia libera.*" And it was he alone who had inspired it; others had but built upon his foundations. There is no other example in history of a man without rank, position, or wealth, with the whole world against him, creating a nation by the sole magic of his own personal will and idea, and without the smallest self-interest. As to the further results I can say nothing. The future must declare them. It is said that the influence and veneration of Mazzini increase more and more in Italy, but of present-day affairs in Italy I know nothing. I knew Mazzini only in the past, and in England. Mazzini had not the gift of prophecy; some of his predictions have been falsified by history; the unexpected elements are always the strongest. But Mazzini the Man, the Saint, the Leader, the Hero, the Martyr, must ever remain one of the most splendid, noble, and pathetic figures in the story of mankind.

There appeared an impression of Mazzini, written by another. It is taken from an American paper, in 1869, under the guise of a visit to Mazzini in London, in a mesmeric trance:—

DIALOGUE BETWEEN DOCTOR AND MESMERIC PATIENT

"*Doctor.* Look about you again, where are you now?

Patient. In an ugly, prosaic, suburban road: the houses are dingy and commonplace; some would seem to have been battered down to give place to a railway in course of construction. No end of cabs and omnibuses keep up a constant bustle; the road is very dirty —it seems a busy thoroughfare. Just where I am standing there is a poor little pretence of a garden, railed off from the road, and with nothing to justify its presumption in thus separating itself from the rest of the street, except two or three stunted and blackened shrubs, a thirsty, feverish, grass plot and a few dejected 'ever-browns.' There can be nothing interesting to be seen in this neighbourhood, doctor, I am sure of that; so please take me somewhere else.

Doctor. First come with me into one of these very prosaic dwellings, and come up to the first floor and tell me what you see.

Patient. A small, meanly furnished room. There is a flutter of little wings as I open the door; two canaries are flying round and round, as if disturbed at my entrance, but now they settle confidently down upon the table, and pull and peck at the books and papers piled upon it. Books and papers positively seem to have taken the place by storm! The chairs, the tables, nay, the very floor, all are covered by them; and indeed

the only occupant of the room, sitting as he is, upon the edge of the sofa, can scarcely find space even for his emaciated form among the crowding books and papers. Heavens! what an army of letters! Can he be that wretched being—an editor?

Doctor. Tell me—what is the man you speak of doing?

Patient. Well, doctor—he is smoking a cigar, and if I may judge by the concentrated and penetrating odour of tobacco that pervades the place, that cigar burns night and day like an altar fire that is never extinguished.

Doctor. Is he doing nothing else?

Patient. Yes! he is writing in very small characters upon a tiny piece of the thinnest paper, rested on a book upon his knee; a whole heap of similar minute missives lie by his side.

Doctor. Look at his face: tell me what he is like!

Patient. Like, Doctor! This is not like any human face that ever I saw.

Doctor. Is it so horrible?

Patient. It is so unearthly, and—yes, it is so beautiful! I do say that were it not for the unhealthy pallor of the skin, and the excessive emaciation of the whole form, this would be the very handsomest man I ever set eyes on. And even as he is, so worn and wasted that he seems rather like a moving shadow than human flesh and blood, the face has a strange and powerful attraction; there is a sort of fascination about the man; I can't tell where it lies, but I feel it, and know that

this man is not as other men are. The features, faultless in proportion, and so delicately cut as to be almost feminine, are yet redeemed from all trace of effeminacy by such a towering mass of brain as would send one of you phrenologists into fits of ecstasy; the hair is scanty, a sable silvered, and the beard and moustache, which are closely cut, are white as snow. Now he is folding the wee letter he has just written, and placing it, with a dozen others, in an envelope, evidently destined to contain them all. Hallo! the quiet of the room is interrupted by a quarrel between the two little birds, who are chirping and pecking at one another in canary rage. He looks up and—good God! Are the man's eyes made of lambent flame? The flash of that sudden glance was so bright, so rapid, so almost weird in its brilliance, that it startled me as if I had met the eyes of a disembodied soul. And now, with a sweet though weary smile at the feathered warfare, he rises, and with the gentleness of a woman, puts an end to the contest by the distribution of a few grains of seed to each of the combatants, scolding them all the while in an Italian so musically sweet that every word sounds like a kiss. He sits wearily down to work again, takes another fragment of paper, and commences another tiny note. You need not tell me that man's name. Doctor, the sound of that Italian tongue, and the flash of those marvellous eyes, have revealed everything to me. I have seen that brain, and I now know how it is that those tiny missives have shaken thrones, and filled those who sat on them with rage and terror. 'In his

silence is their sentence.' And they feel it. What is the poor brute force that kings and princes yield to?

'The endurance and repulse of this impenetrable spirit.' Spirit, indeed! it would not take much to make one believe him something more than mortal, when he looks at one with those intolerable orbs. I now know the full meaning of the Promethean vision I was tortured withal before I came here. It is no longer any marvel to me that this unconquerable will could create a nation: but, alas! I see too plainly how the more than mortal combat has shattered the *man*. All that is not pure spirit here, is pain:—

> 'A silent suffering and intense:—
> The agony they do not show,
> The suffocating sense of woe,
> Which speaks but in its loneliness,
> And then is jealous lest the sky
> Should have a listener, nor will sigh
> Until its voice is echoless.'

I feel quite unworthy to look any more at those eyes; it is like viewing the depths of a prophet's soul. I hope I may be a better man hereafter for this most sad and most majestic sight; but, for God's sake, Doctor, wake me now. I am crushed by the bare presence of this martyr. The man is too much above me; wake me up, and leave me alone. I do think I could kneel down and pray, even as I prayed when a child at my mother's knee."

This description has appeared to me worthy of reproduction. But Mazzini was a living Poem, and

he could be described by none but a Poet, and even so only by fragmentary glimpses. One great poet, Swinburne, had the eyes to see, and the heart to love and venerate him; but also, with the intuition of genius, he perceived that it was impossible to make any deliberate portrait of him, and that only fugitive impressions could be given. By the kindness of Mr. Watts Dunton I am allowed to give illustrative allusions from Swinburne's works. It must be remembered, however, that Mazzini and Swinburne were not alike in their principles. As he says himself in his Dedicatory Epistle to his Collected Works (1904): "You know that I never pretended to see eye to eye with my illustrious friend and master Giuseppe Mazzini, in regard to the positive and passionate confidence of his sublime and purified theology." On the other hand, Mazzini sacredly regarded every individual conscience.

My first extract is taken from *Songs before Sunrise*:—

> "And an angel's similitude by the unsealed grave,
> And by the stone:
> And the voice was angelical, to whose words God gave
> Strength like his own."

And in the "Song of Italy" Swinburne sings of Mazzini:—

> ". . . for he,
> Father of Italy,
> Upbore in holy hands the babe unborn
> Through love and sorrow and scorn,

Of no man led, of many men reviled ;
Till lo, the newborn child
Gone from between his hands, and in its place
Lo, the fair mother's face :
Blessed is he of all men, being in one
As father to her and son,
Blessed of all men living, that he found
Her weak limbs bared and bound,
And in his arms and in his bosom bore,
And as a garment wore
Her weight of want, and as a royal dress
Put on her weariness.

. . . . . .

O mother of many sons and memories
Stretch out thine hand to his
That raised and gave thee life to run and leap,
When thou wast full of sleep.
That touched and stung thee with new blood and breath
When thou wast hard on death.

. . . . . .

Praise him with all thy people, that their voice
Bid the strong soul rejoice,
The fair clear supreme spirit beyond stain,
Pure as the depth of pain,
High as the head of suffering, and secure
As all things that endure."

Also in a poem to Aurelio Saffi, written some years after Mazzini's death, Swinburne sings :—

". . . And the sun
Sees Italy, as he in heaven is, one ;
But sees not him who spake and this was done.

One spirit alone, one soul more strong than fate.
  One heart whose heat was as the sundawn's fire,
Fed first with flame as heaven's immaculate
  Faith, worn and wan and desperate of desire:
  And men that felt that sacred breath suspire
Felt by mere speech and presence fugitive
The holy spirit of man made perfect give
Breath to the lips of death, that death might live.
. . . . . .
We know it, who yet with unforgetful soul
  See shine and smile, where none may smite or strive,
Above us, higher than clouds and winds can drive,
  The soul beloved beyond all souls alive."

To these I would add my own last stanzas in *The Disciples*, the only place in which I have attempted any direct description, and that a very fragmentary one.

"O Master of the mighty hand!
  Who sealest sentence with a kiss,
    So that thy doomsmen's hearts grow light,—
Is the word true? Shall the faith stand?
  Is the work worth such woe as this?
    Can the day recompense the night?

Thou sendest forth, and dost not spare,
  Thy best to meet the tyrant's worst;
    Thou sowest lives for Seed of Life.
O starry-stern through all despair,
  Straight on thy course as at the first,
    Where is *thine* anguish in this strife?

The life pain burneth like a lamp
  Within thy dark eyes passionate.
    It burneth to the soul away;

It saith, 'To me the dungeon-damp,
The last farewell, the felon's fate
Were nothing,—I know more, and stay.

Facing the foreseen doom ye know,
Through flesh and soul's extremity,
Fight on, and keep your heart alive!
I have gone through where ye must go,
I have seen past the agony,
I behold God in Heaven, and strive.'"

ADDENDUM

I SHOULD like to add that *The Disciples* was the means of my entering the Catholic Church. Cardinal Manning loved and admired the book extremely; he always kept it close beside him, and for many years he sought to find me, but in vain, as I lived a very retired life. He said that it was an entirely Catholic book. At last, by accident, he learnt my address, and immediately sent a priest to my home, in Epping Forest, to beg me to come and see him. When I did so, he told me that I was a Catholic without knowing it, and that I had been one all my life. On consideration, I found that what he said was the truth; and I had, therefore, no difficulty in entering the Catholic Church. I do not mean, by this, to imply that Cardinal Manning in any way approved of Mazzini.

Mazzini was certainly not so hostile to the Catholic Church as is commonly supposed. He was actively hostile to the Temporal Sovereignty of the Pope not only because it was a bar to a United Italy, and Rome the Capital, but because it was allied with the foreign tyrannies, the Austrians in the north, and the Spanish Bourbons in the south. But on the whole the Church was more hostile to him than he to the Church. It must be remembered that he began his mission in

1831, when Christianity, both Catholic and Protestant, was at its lowest ebb, and many others despaired of it. For the rest, he was much less heterodox than many Catholic Modernists; and a strong vein of Catholic thought and sentiment runs through his actions and writings, though not continuously or consistently. But at the time of which this book treats, I neither knew nor understood anything of these questions.

Mazzini also condemned the priestly system of education in Italy. Notwithstanding various stirrings of life in the previous thirty years, he found Italy as a whole degenerate and corrupt after centuries of servitude; and the young men in particular effeminate, dissolute, and frivolous: and that these faults were fostered by their rulers. Under his inspiration, there arose a youthful generation, manly, virtuous, and courageous, with whom the love of country was a religious enthusiasm which ennobled them to live, to suffer, and to die for her. But this generation has passed away.

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